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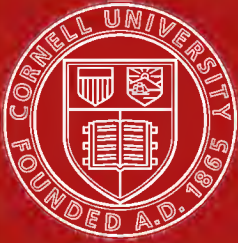
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# New Salmagundi Papers

Series of 1922



To the memory of  
**J. Sanford Saltus**

## NOTE

**T**HE thanks of the Library Committee are tendered to all who have sent contributions. The response has been of high quality and in quantity enough for a number of volumes. This wealth of material has made it possible to preserve a certain unity in making the selections.

While most of the Papers were written for this volume, "A Temperance Story," by George Inness, Jr., is reprinted by his permission, from "Random Thoughts," privately published in 1920.

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"Mr. Lo Pinto," by Montague Glass, reprinted by his permission, was published in "1910."

Special thanks are due to the Club's artists who have so generously given their time and work for embellishing these pages and to Mr. H. H. Cooke for much patience, experience and ability in the printing of the book.

*Library Committee:* RAYMOND PERRY, *chairman*,  
CHARLES L. BARSTOW      TAPPEN BOWNE  
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**CAPTAIN BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS** *Pirate*

On the 10<sup>th</sup>, in the morning the man-of-war bore away to round the cape. Roberts crew discerning their masts over the land, went down into the cabin to acquaint him of it, he being at breakfast on a savoury dish of SOLOMONGUNDY and some of his own beer.

*from* BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA









# NEW SALMAGUNDI PAPERS



*SERIES OF 1922*

Text and Pictures  
by Members  
of the  
SALMAGUNDI  
CLUB



*Published by the Library Committee  
of the*

**SALMAGUNDI CLUB**

**47 Fifth Avenue  
New York**

*Lo  
am*

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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

## PREFACE

THE "Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others" (as the sub-title in the original issues of "Salmagundi" interprets the name) were published to a select public in some twenty numbers 115 years ago, and the accomplished editor of that collection of essays and verses avowed that his intention was "simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town and castigate the age."

The aim of this present collection of More Salmagundi Papers is hardly less ambitious, albeit the times have changed in a century; the Young have grown old; the Old have become set in their ways; the Town is hopelessly indifferent to reform and correction, and the pachydermatous Age apparently is insensible to castigation.

But if we may not accomplish so much, the hope remains that within these pages some diverting matter may be found to help today's readers, after the habit of the Salmagundians of a century ago, "to laugh right merrily at the farce of life, and take the world as it goes."

In the final number of the Salmagundi Papers, in a "Farewell Address," the editor, anticipating Dr. Eliot's Five-foot Shelf, exhorts all to "read diligently the Bible, the Almanack, the newspaper and Salmagundi, which is all the

reading an honest citizen has occasion for." That was a happy day before all the world had taken its pen in hand in a passion for self-expression, and the printing press had not yet become the symbol of the continuous performance. The leisurely life encouraged the amenities and the pleasures of a delightful Bohemia in the simple enjoyments of which the whole Town was privileged to share.

It may be a scent of lavender still clings to the musty little duodecimo of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., but the savory smell of the piquant Salmagundi persists; may it give flavor to the dish here set before you!

C. M. F.

New York, October, 1922.

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La Pung

# New Mahaguni Papers

## Set of 100

Down in the hollow, where  
the little brook flows.



# New Salmagundi Papers

Series of 1922

*I know not if the musty wine be good;  
The table is but small, and scant the food  
I have to offer to the passing guest;  
    Yet, if the cloth be laid  
    With one white loaf of bread,  
And cottage-cheese, snow-white, and newly prest,  
    The room is somehow bright  
    With more than candle-light,  
And bread, and cheese, and wine, and one kind friend;  
Altho' each take his fill, there is no end.*

*For here is fire enough, and ample wood,  
To keep ten snug in such a solitude,  
Tho' long the winter rage with surly blast.  
    And while the log burns bright,  
    We'll sit and pass the night  
In song together, till the storm be past.  
    Love kneels and blows the fire,  
    And we, who nestle by her,  
We think this is a paradise on earth,  
To warm our hands, and huddle by the hearth.*

W. J. D.

# New Salmagundi Papers

## Minutes of the First Meeting

[As read at the get-together dinner of 1921, celebrating the  
fiftieth anniversary of the Club]

Saturday, November 30, 1871

**S**KETCH CLASS met at 596 Broadway at 7.30. Class now numbers fifteen, all present but young Joseph Hartley, who was excused to attend meeting of Masonic Lodge in B'kn. with view to perfecting knowledge of parliamentary rules for use in class. The following members were present:

Jonathan Hartley	John Hartley
Will H. Low	Fred S. Church
Fred Vance	Alfred E. Emslie
William H. Shelton	William W. Denslow
Alec Kirkman	Alfred Becks
Will Symons	Will Ward
George David Brown	McDonald

Subject for evening was "Abandoned." Church, Low, Vance and Shelton brought in Sketches. Church's illustration of subject was one egg in nest—hen disappearing in distance. Will Low made a baby on the doorstep. Fred Vance drew Milk Pail by dead cow—title "Chicago after the fire." W. H. Shelton did stage coach under straw stack. Emslie reported that he started to draw the Ninth Regiment after the death of Jim Fisk, but hadn't paper enough.

Alec Kirkman and John Hartley were boxing and Billie Denslow and Alf Becks were fencing, while J. S. Hartley was frying sausages in an envelope of pie crust. Geo. David Brown and Fred Vance watched sausages with hungry longing until they disappeared in cupboard. After disappearance of Sausages Brown drew Vance behind screen and told him in hoarse whisper how he had lived on prunes

four weeks in dead of winter when James Gordon Bennett failed to send pay envelope. During relating of horrible tale Vance shed tears of disappointment.

Alf Becks said he couldn't do Shamus O'Brien without a little refreshment. He was led to cupboard, after which windows were closed and cotton was dealt out to members. Two names were bro't up for membership: J. L——, who colored photographs in next studio, and W——, N.A., portraits, same floor, who used nude models. John Hartley stated that J. L—— was a smuggler in partnership with a mysterious sailor-man and that Havana cigars were stored under floor of studio. The name of J. L—— was rejected on ground that coloring photographs was not art, and committee was appointed to investigate morals of W——.

Before adjournment there was an animated discussion as to future of Class and whether it would ever be a real club like Century Club in Thirteenth St. Opinion was against expansion and Century Club with dues at twenty dollars and public dinners at fifty cents a plate was denounced stuck-up and unamerican. One member with tears streaming down his cheeks, plead for preservation of Bohemian character of club and its art atmosphere and warned against admission of rich members. Sobs were audible from all parts of dimly lighted room together with blowing of noses and the artist members embraced the speaker and wept on his neck and pledged themselves to keep club poor.

Guest of evening was Marshall, the Engraver, who was just finishing head of Lincoln, and Joseph Hartley arrived in time to call off list of subjects in most approved parliamentary form, during which he was interrupted by most unseemly cat-calls.

Adjournment was secured after a fifteen minutes' battle between Ayes and Noes.

W. H. SHELTON,  
*Secy. pro tem.*





All sounds subdued  
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
His winter log with many a muffled blow -  
The Closing Scene -

Sketch by J. Francis Murphy made in 1878.  
Presented to the Salmagundi Club by Mrs. J. Francis Murphy



## CONCERNING DINNERS

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

*Illustrations by* ARTHUR LITTLE

IN "The History of the Coronation of the Most High, Most Mighty and Most Excellent Monarch James II By the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c, And of His Royal Consort Queen Mary, Solemnized in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in the City of Westminster on Thursday the 23 of April, being the Festival of St. George, in the year of our Lord 1685: with an Exact Account of the several Preparations in Order thereunto, Their Majesties most Splendid Processions and their Royal and Magnificent Feast in Westminster Hall"—we learn that Salamagundy was among the fourteen hundred and forty-five dishes served on that bountiful occasion. Furthermore we are proud to know that Salamagundy was Number 34 on the diagram of the Royal Table, standing a little to the left and almost within reach of the dainty fingers of Her Gracious Majesty. On one side of the dish of Salamagundy stood plate 46, "Twenty-four tame Pidgeons—six larded, hot" and on the other side plate 47, "Four Fawns, two larded, hot" and in front "three turkeys a la Royal, hot."

There was probably plenty of Salamagundy in reserve, for it is evident that only the "six tame pidgeons larded, hot" were actually served on plate 46 and the eighteen cold birds were in hampers under the table handy to be produced if

demanding by the Most High and Most Excellent appetites of the royal feeders. And so also the two cold fawns were held in reserve to be heated and served in the event of Gracious Queen Mary showing an unexpected partiality for venison.

The King and Queen sat on one side of the royal table in regal state, within speaking distance of each other, and facing a quantity of food on which they could make no more impression than a pair of robin-red-breasts pecking at a carload of worms, and all the time the little plate of Salamagundy was winking in the light of the great windows and beckoning to the Queen from behind the "six tame Pidgeons, larded, hot." And perhaps the King himself was sharpening his appetite on Salamagundy when the doughty champion in shining armor rode his milk-white charger between the other tables in the stately hall and cast his steel gauntlet before the false traitor and liar who would question the authority of King James.

The peers and the peeresses loved Salamagundy and evidently cleaned the plate No. 9 on their table, and Salamagundy was No. 133 on the table of the Archbishops and Bishops and Barons of the Cinque Ports.

It is a formidable leather-bound folio, this History of the Coronation of James the Second and Queen Mary, and it is a comfort to feel that Salamagundi was essential to the gustatory needs of our illustrious and titled forebears. King James was a little off in his spelling of Salmagundi, but not so far off as the butcher of our day who sends in his bill to the Solomon Gundy Club. Rabelais spelt no better a hundred and fifty years earlier, for it was the Chatellenie of Salmygondin that fed on Locusts and Periwinkles and Cockchafers in the land of Pantagruel. Certainly the Salmagundians were high livers then and of the artistic temperament, for they were so improvident that they devoured their wheat in the milk.

There was a Salmagundi atmosphere in Westminster Hall



"The doughty champion in shining armor rode his milk-white charger"





Night Magic, from a painting by Hobart Nichols





in the year of Our Lord 1685, an atmosphere of abundance and of good fellowship and loyalty and of high endeavor as throwing down the gauntlet in defense of true art. Then there was a King and a Queen of Salmagundi in the old days in Twelfth Street. The king sat behind a screen of golden wire and pared his nails and made the laws, and the queen made tarts and other confections in the royal kitchen.

She was a dusky sort of Cinderella queen from the far southland skilled in the making of gumbo soup and cornpone and fried chicken *à la Maryland* and sweet potatoes *glacé* and beat biscuits. And she was a gracious queen, of a round and comely figure and a little greasy from daily contact with the pots and pans, for the kitchen was her realm and she never left it. And the king visited the queen at stated intervals and taught her cunning secrets in the art of cookery, and sometimes he fashioned rare dishes with his own royal hands, for he knew the way to govern his subjects was a matter of argument with their stomachs, in which controversy none could gainsay him.

For their pleasure he conceived and fashioned a roof garden, where the Salmagundians dined under canvas or under a canopy of stars on the soft summer nights. It overlooked the gardens of many houses between two old streets, where the murmur of voices and snatches of song came up through the thick foliage when the tree-masses were touched with moonlight and sometimes the bits of song came from neighboring lighted windows.



This lodgement in the open air was under the friendly walls of the Old First Church with its Magdalen tower hard by and over the roofs, to the south, the starry cross of the Judson Memorial glowed with a steady beacon light. On the stone parapets, to right and left, were hedges of box, and ivy climbed over the lattice that shut us off from certain fair ladies who were our neighbors. There were friendly windows that peered at us from distant walls and overhanging one corner of our retreat was an open air sleeping room latticed and screened and lighted with Japanese lanterns, that commanded a view of our dinners and our games.

And here the Salmagundians came after the sultry summer days in the streets and the studios to dine in the soft evening air, and there were Manhattan cocktails in those days with a cherry in the bottom of the glass, and sometimes—think of it—we demurred that the cherry was artificial, which seems like flying in the face of Providence. And there was much more in the way of drink to make life worth living and marvelous dishes to please the palate; bouillon like red wine and filet of sole peeping out of the creamy sauce and lamb chops on toast with pantalettes of ornamented paper, and steaks that were red cubes seared to hold the juices of the beef and served with baked potatoes, each cut with a sacred cross to receive a lump of butter, and filet mignon *à la Stanley*, with a slice of fried banana and corned beef hash as the king could make it and royal ice cream and imperial apple pie.

And here his contented subjects lingered over their tiny cups of black coffee and glasses of mint *frappé*, or ponies of cognac dripped on lumps of sugar suspended over the coffee that were set on fire and burned with a thin blue flame until the delicately balanced spoon fell into the cup. Conversation waxed and waned at the tables and the fragrant smoke from pipes and cigars and cigarettes drifted in a film overhead so that the crescent moon and the memo-

rial cross shone through a veil of mystery, and 'Gundy, the cat, was an indistinct mass on the ridge of the great skylight.

When the cloths were removed from the tables and the electric lights were turned on there were games on the roof and merry laughter that sometimes got too merry in the small hours of the morning and brought a complaint from staid and elderly neighbors. There were thunder showers that drove us in with our games to continue in the heated card room, while the peals of thunder reverberated overhead and the lightning zig-zagged outside the windows and the open door. After the rain how the delicate odors of the earth and the grass and the flowers and the trees and the ivy that climbed up and rioted over the wall, came up in a cool bouquet from the gardens below. How we watched the rolling clouds and when the moon broke through the rifts of the broken tumuli we knew that the rain was over.

It was a wondrous retreat in the hot summer nights, this nook above the gardens and below the stars, and away from the sound of the street where care was forgotten. And then there came a summer when there was much rain and threatening clouds that lured and deceived and caused dinners to be brought up and taken down again, and sometimes when the sun came out of a cloud, the dinner may have been brought to the roof once more, to be taken away when the rain drops began to patter on the awning.

These unfavorable conditions, accepted as timely warnings, were met with a strong new awning and side curtains and with every possible defense against the elements, so that the outfit of the summer garden was complete as never before. But the king grew tired of his plaything and when another summer came he put on his crown and proclaimed to all concerned that the expense of starting the roof-garden would be excessive and even prohibitive and everybody believed him but 'Gundy, the cat.

And so the roof-garden, lying between the treetops and

the stars, and much nearer Heaven than earth, the pride and joy of the Salmagundians, was abolished by a royal decree.

And lo! the king remained through other years, until the end of his reign.

But the aroma of his cookery and the fame of his dinners are tender memories that belong to the lost atmosphere of the club. Dining was a function long recognized as an art-exhibit of the club. There were public dinners and private dinners galore, always with a touch of genius in the menu and in the service—and such fairy settings! There were round tables built around mimic lakes studded with islands behind which ancient galleons lay at anchor—all on the surface of a looking-glass, and sometimes the pool was real water with goldfish darting among the leaves of the water lilies, and there were larger round tables where the level center was heaped with smilax and roses and the service was *à la militaire*. At the tap of the gong the doors opened and the black waiters in white uniforms filed in with tureens of turtle soup. At another tap of the gong whole salmon were borne in above the heads of the waiters, the creamy dressing sprinkled yellow with tiny cubes of the yolks of eggs, and the stately procession was followed by 'Gundy, the cat, who posed in an attitude of watchful waiting until the salmon was carried out. Then, perhaps—there were twenty-four Long Island ducklings—two dozen larded, hot, and the fragrant smoke curled and drifted and corks popped as they may never pop again.

There were get-together dinners on Halloween nights in a gallery garnished and banked with cornstalks from which the golden ears peeped out and Jack-a-lanterns glowed in yellow pumpkins and red apples bobbed up and rolled over in the water. For favors there were *boutonnieres* of autumn leaves and witches riding broomsticks, and roses from Thorley's. But for the roses (with certain promptings of the cocktails and the claret) one might imagine one's self husking



"There were get-together dinners"

result of the sale fell below a thousand dollars it was a poor sale.

There was a particular costume dinner at which the tables formed three sides of a rectangle and between the plates ran a mimic canal of limpid water in which goldfish swam about. At this dinner there was an American Indian dressed in an eagle's feather and a pair of beaded moccasins and red paint, and a Zulu warrior clad mostly in two bunches of twigs tied to the calves of his legs, and the man-frog hopped into the canal and drove the goldfish before him the length of the tables.

At another costume dinner a pair of Siamese twins, connected by a ligament of bicycle tire, were discovered under a library mug, and thereafter the mug was stored on the south end of the gallery roof and sometimes we passed through a wooden gate and walked along the narrow space between the great skylight and the parapet of the old studio wall cushioned with ivy, and stood around the big library mug with the club monogram on one side as large as a full moon, and having easily the capacity of three kegs of beer—and back by the same ivy-path to the abandoned and neglected roof garden, whose floor boards were bleached by the sun and the rain, and the flower boxes were empty on the wall. Sometimes a studious member strayed out from the library and read in the shadow of the roof until the sun drove him away, and sometimes the autumn leaves blew in from the gardens between the two old streets and eddied and whirled along the ivy-path and drifted across the great skylight and collected in heaps on the lower deck of the summer garden, until little gusts of wind, tired of worrying clothes lines and flapping window curtains, danced around the corners of the houses and under the eaves and fell on the leaves in such a frenzy of whirls and dives and eddies that they tossed the said leaves onto the upper floor and blew them against the wall where they were caught by the rain and browned by the sun.



MIELZINER  
1921

Joseph Hartley, from a drawing by Leo Mielziner





And here of nights among the sodden leaves and rickety tables the ghosts of conviviality and the goblins of high living and the thirsty spirits of former banquets haunted the roof garden.



## THE CLUB SPIRIT

*By* HOBART NICHOLS

**S**ALMAGUNDI! A word whose lineage is obscure. No one seems to know its derivation. We first meet with it as the name of a certain savory concoction composed of various and very dissimilar ingredients, that pleased the palates of our great-grandfathers. But during the past half-century this euphonious word has grown in dignity until now it stands proudly among the most respected in art's vocabulary. Salmagundi is no longer a delectable association of foods; it is a delightful association of men—for the most part men of special culture in one or another of the learned professions. There was something prophetic in bestowing this name upon the little group of artist friends who foregathered in a studio fifty years ago. The word had no particular significance then, but now it embodies the very character of the Club. Just as the savory compound was composed of widely differing ingredients, the Club is composed of something like a thousand varying personalities, harmoniously moved by a single impulse—the Club Spirit. This Spirit is quickly perceived by all who come under its influence, but it is particularly appreciated by those who come to this great metropolis to lay the foundations of their careers—to build their professional reputations—most of them unknown—many of them without a friend, among the city's restless millions. It is within the hospitable walls of Salmagundi, that such men find the companionship of those who speak their own language and by their sympathy and understanding give the stranger heart to continue the uphill struggle which is the lot of the unknown

artist. Many of the nation's foremost painters felt the stimulation of first success in the Club's gallery. It does more than this: Parallel with the creation of the artist, it builds from its lay membership, the connoisseur, and collector—a perfect cycle of creation, for one cannot exist without the other. And it is this dual constructive nature of the Club that is its greatest claim to distinction. The first duty of its succeeding presidents and its membership should be to safeguard and maintain it.

## A FOOTNOTE TO RUSKIN

*From notes made by the late J. SCOTT HARTLEY, in whose studio the Salmagundi Club began. Transcribed by JOSEPH HARTLEY*

I KNEW in London some years ago two art students who had been for several years pupils of Ruskin. They told me about their experience with him.

Ruskin's system was to keep his students at work for six months on a single leaf of a tree, drawing it from every point of view until they had learned by heart every vein and every minutia of form. Then followed six months on a twig, a similar time on a branch, then on the trunk and finally on the tree as a whole. From these minute details to masses; putting the cart before the horse, as it were.

But the artist who views nature with normal common sense and artistic mentality, when he examines the landscape is impressed first with the general effect. The space selected has in it the elements of a picture. It appears as a broad mass of form, a composition of light and shade and color. Details are subordinated to the general effect. He does not see a leaf or a blade of grass. In interpreting such a scene on the canvas he maintains the spontaneous impression, giving only enough detail to lend character and interest.

The Ruskin idea of nature was photographic, subordinating bigness of effect to littleness of detail.

## COCKLOFT HALL

By ALBERT H. SONN  
*With Illustrations by the Author*

IT MAY have been in the late seventies—it must have been—it was. All on a rare September day when some members of a club that was not a club at all, but only the shadow of a club cast by the substance of a sketch-class that was entertaining the town with an annual exhibition in Black and White, “Under the Auspices of the Salmagundi Sketch Club” had set out to visit its ancestral home.

Their goal was Cockloft Hall, that historic old mansion in Newark made famous by Washington Irving and Will Wizzard and Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Anthony Evergreen, Gent., with their “Salmagundi Papers.” They were obsessed with the idea that a visit to the old house might be productive of some original material for their coming Annual Exhibition. For it was at this home of Irving’s cousin, Gouveneur Kemble, on the banks of the silvery Passaic that those happy Salmagundians of yesterday foregathered, played leap-frog and reveled, “with no outsider looking on save the grave old caretaker with his wife and their colored servant.” Speaking of those “carryings on” at these frolics of his earlier years, Irving, at sixty-six, laughingly said to his cousin Kemble, “Who would have thought that we should ever have lived to be two such respectable old gentlemen?”

In Irving’s day Cockloft Hall was indeed a sylvan retreat with stately trees, orchard covered hillsides and a lovely view up the river, an inspiration in itself, aside from the



Doorway near Cockloft Hall

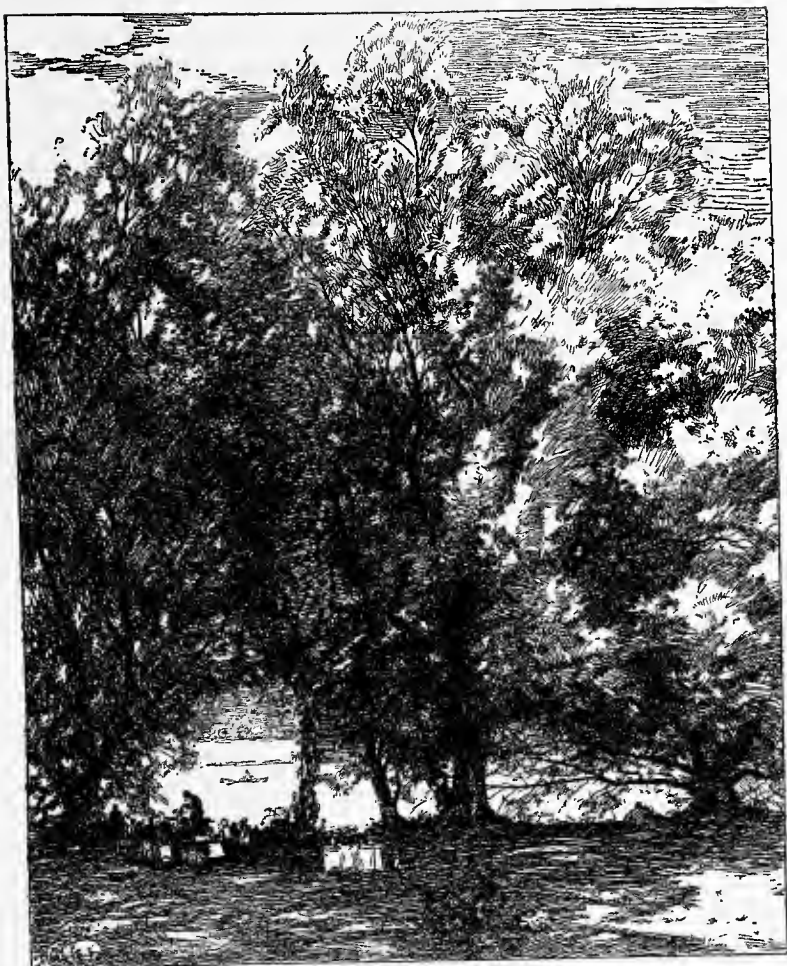




Reflections, from an oil painting by Pieter Van Veen







The Picnic, from a drawing by Thomas Fogarty



fine old mansion with its wonderful collection of furniture and curios including his particular elbow chair.

So with imaginations aflame these explorers left the train and headed for their destination with sketch-book and umbrella and pencil and pad and great expectations. And what a bitter disappointment it was to find that the old house had been entirely corrected according to the prevailing mid-Victorian manner. The sacred house stood isolated on the plain, a white tower with green blinds and a mansard roof shingled with new slate. A new street had recently been cut through the estate, huge thread factories abutted on the property on the lower river side and a railroad with belching locomotives was almost within the sacred precincts of their shrine, while just around the corner a noisome saw-mill buzzed away its incessant monotone.

Yet what a different tale of the day's adventures might have been told if our explorers had taken into their confidence the little old man in a high stock whom they passed unnoticed dozing in the sun in front of his tiny bookstall. He would have told them that Cockloft Hall was no longer Cockloft Hall but just the "Whiting Place." The little old man was well versed in Irving lore and could have pointed out the vine-covered remains of the author's favorite tree, the site of the fish pond and the quaint summer house with its mysterious cellar which had been the cause of so much discussion in the Salmagundi Papers. "I think it will require Will Wizzard to solve the mystery . . . but that bottles were kept that were wont to surrender their exhilarating contents at the summons of the occupants above."

For want of something better the little old man might have suffered them to quench their thirst with the sparkling water from the depths of the very well from which the worthies of those other days drew the water to dilute their stronger drink, even though the mossy well-kerb had given way to a wooden pump.

Then guided by the little old man, they might have

feasted their eyes on that delightful reminder of Colonial days, the old Kearny homestead embowered in its group of graceful elms, the big dormered roof peering out from under the branches, the unique east elevation with verandah overlooking the vale through which a violet-banked brooklet coursed its ambling way toward Cockloft Hall, and the gray, weathered well-sweep and the ironbound bucket, all making a pleasant picture that would help to console our disappointed pilgrims.

Just down the street, bordering it for a hundred yards, was the hawthorne hedge, whose fragrant flowers arrested Washington Irving on his rambles and compelled him to pay them glowing tribute from his elbow chair. The hedge had grown to riotous proportions and through its tangled top the little old man in the high stock might have pointed out the nannyberry trees on "Donnelly's lot," and wiped his lips with the back of his hand—"Lord! but he loved them berries."

On the way to the station our pilgrims would have been guided past the house of Captain Alden, perched on its hill-side between wild cherry trees and weeping willows. A glimpse through the rose-trellised gateway would have revealed the charming, though simple hooded porch and its Dutch door, and beyond the terraced garden of old-fashioned flowers that flanked the climbing stairway.

A little farther on, just across the arched stone bridge, under which flowed the "First River," the city's northern boundary when New Ark was originally laid out, they would have come to the Stoudinger home, somewhat marred by changes, but in Irving's time a highly attractive place. He was impressed by "the shining milk pans standing neatly arrayed near the spring house" as well as other features that were pleasing in his sight. Much of its former charm was still in evidence in the stately elms, the boxwood hedges of the formal garden, and a very attractive doorway which stands at the head of this paper.

The little old Man with the black stock and not a shred of a collar above it, who dozed in the sun outside the door of his tiny book-shop, may have been the original Will Wizard or honest Christopher Cockloft, or any fanciful character that came into Irving's head after they had been eating nannyberries together.





## A FINANCIER

*By* HARRISON S. MORRIS

The rain falls rough on the roof,  
The team jolts by on the road;  
    Where are you going, World?  
And what have you got in your load?

Packets of joy and grief,  
Barrels of coin and chaff;  
    Where are you going, World?  
And why does your Driver laugh?

Hearts that are false and foul  
Hidden in crates of guile;  
    Where are you going, World?  
And why does your Driver smile?

Bales of hypocrisy, crime,  
Lies tied up like the truth;  
    Where are you going, World?  
Did your Driver speak, forsooth?

Was it the rain in gusts,  
Or, did your Driver speak?  
    Where are you going, World?  
Hark, how your axles creak!

Sounds like a roar of mirth  
Over a monstrous joke.  
Where are you going, World,  
With Life and Death for a yoke?

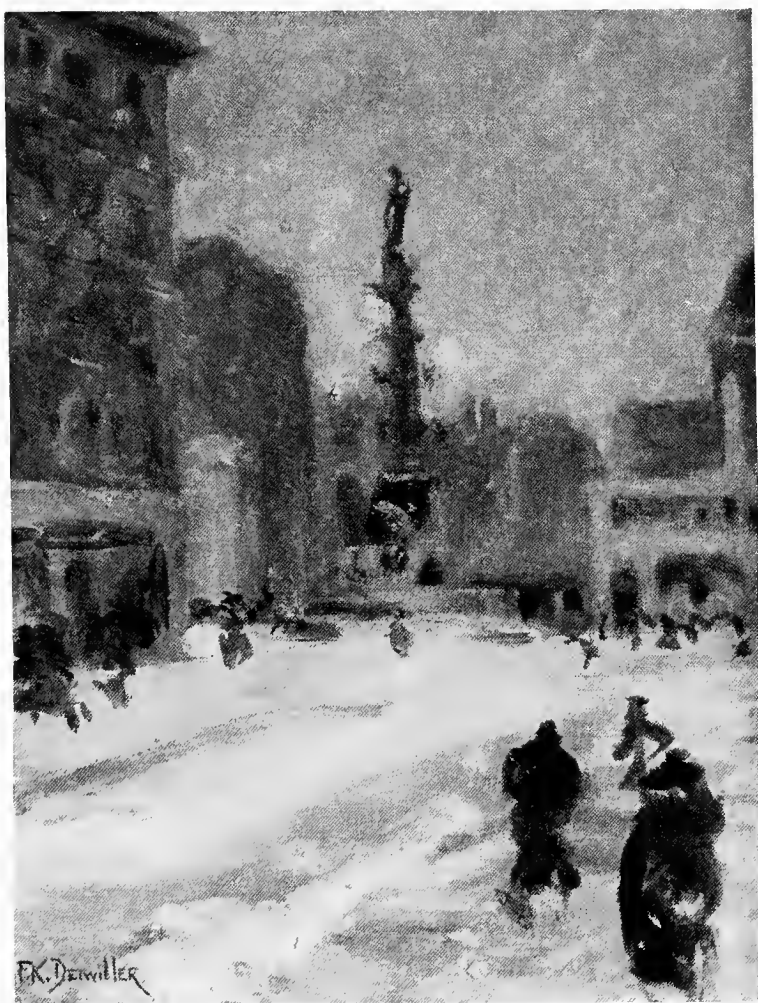
"Here in my load I've got  
All the sins of the race—"  
Where are you going, World?  
"To sow them in furrows of space."

What shall you reap from wrong?  
What shall you win from the clod?  
(Where are you going, World?)  
"The ultimate truth of God."

Why does the Teamster laugh?  
"Laughs at a Financier."  
(Where are you going, World?)  
"Feigns to be rolling my Sphere;"

"Going to mingle his dust  
Into the chasm of force."  
Where are you going, World?  
"Over my bidden course."





Columbus Circle in February, from a painting by F. K. Detwiller





The Old Blacksmith Shop, from a drawing by George Varian





Holiday Greeting, from drawing by Israel Doskow



## THE YELLOW GLOBE

*By* ALEXANDER W. DRAKE  
*With Illustration by* JACK FLANAGAN

**R**ETURNING from the club at an hour long past midnight, I noticed a peculiar looking person of medium height, somewhat angular, with sallow, dark complexion, dressed like any other well-to-do person, gazing intently at the large yellow globe of colored fluid in a druggist's window. The streets were deserted, and his whole attention seemed riveted on that particular yellow spot.

A few nights later, about one o'clock, I saw the man again at the same window; so, taking refuge in the shadow of a house opposite, I watched him unobserved. He stood looking earnestly at the bright yellow center of the large globe. Now he held his finger out as though he were trying some effect, or placed his hand in silhouette against the bright background. Then he moved forward and backward, with his head bent first on one side and then on the other, as though he were looking for something beyond and through the fluid. At last he walked away, casting glances backward at the fascinating yellow light, and disappeared in the darkness.

A week passed, and I saw him for the third time again scrutinizing the yellow globe. When he left I followed him, and as we passed a street-lamp I accosted him. At first I thought he resented it, but after a moment I ventured to say, "I have observed you gazing into the druggist's window, and I must say my curiosity has been excited to know what you find of such interest in a druggist's yellow light."

Then we walked on for some blocks in silence, and I thought I had offended him; but after a while he said slowly: "The hope of my life is to a certain extent bound up in that yellow spot, the center of that globe. But pardon me, you are a total stranger, and no one but—"

Just then I interrupted him by remarking, "What a beautiful effect of light through the street, and how soft and velvety the shadows look!"

There was another long pause, and then he said, "You seem to take pleasure in the effects of light and shade."

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I really enjoy nature very much."

"What would you think of pursuing an effect year after year, as I have done?" he asked.

Now we were fairly launched, and I noticed as we passed the various gas-lights what a peculiar, wistful, far-away look the man had, and what a thoroughly artistic make-up. I also noticed that at every turn of the street he seemed to be looking for something. He would pause now and then, and stand in utter silence, watching some unusual effect in the same intent manner with which he had looked at the druggist's light. In the meantime we were getting into narrower streets, and as the shadows of the tall buildings partly hid us, he would give me bits of conversation, always on nature or kindred subjects.

"Yes," he said; "the mistake that most painters make, especially the realists, is that they paint nature as they think they see it. But what of it? 'If art is not more than nature, it is not art.' Why," he said, "look at the romantic school, both old and modern. Was it not always the embodiment of an idea? Did they not always make nature do their bidding, with as much or as little of herself as they chose? There is Monticelli—what a wealth of beautiful color! He takes what he wants, and adds his own conception of beauty of color, so that you get his groups of figures rich and glowing and harmonious. So with Delacroix, so with Turner. Look at his 'Slave Ship.' All these





"My strange companion became more confidential"





Fifth Avenue at Twilight, from a painting by Carlton T. Fowler



men borrowed from nature so far as they chose to embody their own idea of what they wished to express."

By this time we had reached the lower part of the city, and the streets became even narrower and the odors more disagreeable. There was a sense of great coolness, like the wind from the water. On we walked. I became more and more interested, and occasionally made a remark to keep the conversation going, while my companion stopped from time to time to watch some new effect, as though he were afraid something would escape him.

"Yes," he said; "I have spent years in an experiment which I hope soon to complete. I have walked the streets by day and night; I have sailed on rivers; I have looked through old doorways, have studied all kinds of vegetation and tree-forms suited to my idea and to my notion of sky effects—old ironwork, old houses, old fences and windows—in fact, all nature has been to me a great storehouse from which to select my material."

By this time we had reached the river-front, and although long past midnight, I was so much interested in finding out what manner of man I had chanced upon that I would gladly have walked until daylight. I feared every moment that he would bid me good night; but if anything, he grew more confidential. My chance remark about effects had evidently won him, for some reason. As we walked on, the spars and vessels at the wharves were almost black against the sky, while the lights twinkled across the river, and the stars shone overhead. Suddenly we turned a sharp corner, and came to a great pile of old buildings with steep slate roofs—evidently in their better days sail-lofts. And now, in the gloom of one of the tallest of these buildings, he stopped, and, I thought, was about to say good night. For a time he stood as though he were thinking what he had better do. Finally he asked: "Will you come to my room? It is up many flights of stairs, but I think you may perhaps be interested in what I have to show you."

As we entered the door, which he unlocked with an old-fashioned iron key, he said: "Give me your hand. This building is unoccupied at night, with the exception of myself and a watchman, who has a small room on the ground floor." So saying, he led me up the creaking stairs, in absolute darkness. A strong smell of oakum and tar pervaded the place. On reaching the top floor, both of us out of breath, he fumbled for another key, with which he unlocked the door of his room.

Then he excused himself, and left me standing in darkness while he proceeded to strike a light. What a curious room it was! An enormous loft, with a peaked roof, and horizontal beams joining the sides of the building, and several windows of medium size—evidently an old sail-loft, but now filled with a most extraordinary collection of queer objects. At one end of the room were large panes of glass set in upright, movable frames, some of them smeared over with a peculiar mixture. At the other end of the room was a long, plain wooden table, and at its extreme end stood one of the panes of glass. Back of this I noticed a globe of yellow fluid, something like those used in the druggist's window, but not so large. Back of the globe again was a small lamp. In another corner of the room was a gigantic thistle, now dead, planted in a large flowerpot. Near it I saw a stuffed blue heron. But, most interesting of all, at the extreme end of another deal table was a model in clay of what seemed to be an old English manor-house, noble in proportion, exquisite in line, and with little glass windows. Back of this model was one of the large upright frames, holding a pane of yellow glass. Here and there were small models of fences, miniature bits of ironwork, gateways, etc. On the walls were nailed the most eccentric sketches. There were gigantic studies of weeds, foreground plants done with strong effects in charcoal, and at one end of the room was a water-color drawing on brown paper of a great rose-tree, like an enlarged rose-bush. From the ceiling hung globes

filled with different colored fluids, and old ship lanterns, evidently for some use, not objects of bric-a-brac. In other words, I had been admitted into an immense workshop, where everything had its purpose for the work in hand only. I noticed that a small portion of the room was screened off, probably as a bedroom. Near the stove, on one side, was a cheap round table, on which were a book or two and some newspapers, as well as several new clay pipes.

I have given only an idea of my first hasty survey of the room. I was constantly discovering new objects of interest. Several large, flat, white porcelain dishes, with lips at the end, seemed to have held colored liquids of various kinds, which had dried, leaving a sediment in the bottom. Many sheets of drawing-paper on stretchers were standing about the room. This was not the den of an elegant dilettante, but the workshop of a man in earnest about something.

And now, as we settled down in the large leather-covered arm-chairs, and the long clay pipes were lighted, my strange companion became more confidential, although it was plain to be seen that by nature he was a recluse, and perhaps a brooding, melancholy man. After looking me over intently, as though he were studying my first impression of the place, he began:

"You are evidently much surprised and bewildered by the mass of objects with which I am surrounded, but they all mean a great deal to me. They all have their place in a new creation I am evolving. They have been collected, at great expense of time and trouble, to help me carry out the idea I am striving to express. Let me explain. First, I wished to render a haunted house which should be not only uncanny and weird, but beautiful as well; in fact, so beautiful that at first you would miss the horrible and mysterious, and notice the beautiful only. How many effects I have studied for this alone! The silver-gray, cold effect was the one I had first thought of, as conveying an impression of weird-

ness; but I finally settled on a scheme in which the whole picture should be flooded in golden light, but a

*'Light that never was, on sea or land—'*

something of the effect that you might possibly see on an Indian-summer day, when you feel an awful stillness in nature; when the little birds forget to sing, and sit in the sunshine as though they were paralyzed; when even the trees and flowers and all growing things seem to be under some magic spell; when, as you start to walk, you suddenly stand still as if fascinated by the sunlight; when the motion of everything in nature seems suspended. You can hardly understand," he added, "what this haunted house means to me. Windows have grown to have human looks, at times almost terrible. Old fences and iron-work have as keen expressions as individuals. In fact, this whole house wears its personality until I am often deeply depressed by it. Ah, I have had my life's sorrow and trouble, and horrible—" He stopped suddenly. Did I observe a faint gleam of something like a pained, agonized look in the sudden expression of his eyes and face? If so, it was gone in a moment, and the soft, beautiful look returned, although he seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Yes," he continued; "I have worked many years at this haunted house. All there is in me shows itself here to one who can read it, in its various moods and parts; sorrow, love, hope, forgiveness—all are expressed here; and if I can leave behind me this one great picture, I shall be satisfied, even if I never do another. How long I have worked, and how earnestly I have studied for this result! Do you see those globes filled with fluid, and those upright panes of glass set in frames? They are all parts of my experiment; all yellow sunsets and peculiar effects of yellow light; yellow lights shining through mists and fogs. Why, look here!" and he handed me a large sketch-book filled with hundreds of studies. In one the trees appeared in silhouette against a sunset sky; in another there would be only a gigantic





Idyll, from a drawing by T. Victor Hall



thistle, or a great rank weed, with the sky for a background. "The house," he said, "was not so difficult a matter, for I had in memory a beautiful old manor-house with its quaint gables and angles and picturesque windows."

Was it a look of horror on the man's face as he spoke of the windows? After an awkward silence he resumed: "Yes, I have thought, and planned, and worked over this picture for years." Then, as we smoked in silence, I had a good opportunity to observe him more minutely. It was evident that gentle blood ran in his veins. His head was massive and strong; there was an indescribable softness about his dark eyes, although they showed latent fire. He had a great mass of luxuriant black hair; his beard and mustache were rather long, and very becoming. But now he seemed to feel my glances, and his manner became nervous and agitated. When he again raised his eyes to mine they had grown cold and hard.

"To return to my favorite subject," he said, "I am going to have my vegetation on a grand scale. I will have thistles as large as trees if they suit my purpose. Rose-bushes shall be rose-trees."

"But the air of mystery and weirdness—how are you going to manage that?" I asked.

He did not answer me at once, but after a while said slowly: "The mysterious will be there, whatever else is lacking; and I intend to get such an effect that if innocent children come near the picture they will walk tiptoe with their fingers on their lips. Strange to say, I have decided to do it in water-color, and not in oil. Although one unquestionably does not get such solidity in water color, it is better suited to my purpose. Look at those square porcelain dishes with lips, and those great sheets of paper near them—all parts of the experiments I have tried. I can flow washes so transparent that they are like air itself; and as for variety of texture, differences of gradation, look at that!" So saying, he handed me a sheet of paper that glowed like sunlight,

while the gray house in the middle distance looked as though it were seen through golden mists, or as though its gray were powdered with gold dust.

"That," he said, "is only one of hundreds of experiments I made before I reached with certainty what I wished to express in yellow light. I see you are looking at the sketch of the rose-tree."

"Yes," I replied; "I am very much interested."

"Oh, well," he said, "they are all part and lot of my final picture, which is now almost completed. Perhaps you would like to see how I proceed from time to time with my experiments."

He then turned the light almost out. How uncanny it all seemed to me as I stood, long past midnight, in the dim, shadowy loft! But I was so thoroughly interested that I did not indulge long in reflections. In a few moments he lighted a small lamp behind the great pane of yellow glass, which I now saw was smeared over with a weird kind of sky, while the model of the house was almost in silhouette against it. In another moment he had lighted a little lamp under the table, which shone through a small pool or pond, also made of yellow glass, which in turn threw a soft light over the front of the house. Then he illuminated the interior of his house, and through the little windows gleamed a melancholy light, subdued here and there by bits of paint carefully and most artistically added to the windows. Now he placed a small bronze heron on the shore of the miniature pond; then some bits of weeds and grasses. On one side he adjusted a group of thistles, and finally the great rose-tree in miniature at one end of the house. To these he kept adding other objects, among them a small sun-dial. Then he led me to the other end of the room, and by some hidden mechanism threw a soft, delicious, but uncanny yellow glow over the whole. The great loft was now in midnight darkness and gloom, and only this beautiful but almost specter-like, haunted little spot glowing with such strange and fas-



The Peacock, from a painting by Leon Gordon



cinating light. How real it appeared! I was riveted to the spot; the singular beauty of this miniature house and its surroundings grew on me. We both stood in absolute silence. What strange, hidden something was there about it that affected me so curiously? I felt cold chills begin to creep over me; the stillness became awful. I looked at my companion; he seemed lost in reverie. But it was not merely seeming, it was with real horror that he stood gazing at those little glass windows. I do not know how long we stood thus; but at last he turned up the light, and I noticed how pale he had become and how absorbed his manner.

"Now," he said, "I will show you the picture." He went to the further end of the room and pulled a large curtain aside, exposing the painting to my view. "You see, all the appliances of my model are but mere hints to me. I use them as I use nature, and as a figure-artist uses a lay figure, taking only so much as I care for."

If I had been impressed before with all I had seen, how much more was I impressed with the picture! How beautiful! Was the sky painted, or was it real? Now I could well understand all that he had worked so hard to accomplish. Again I began to feel a mysterious awe, cold shivers creeping over me, and again the painter's manner changed. He looked pale and haggard, and an expression of pain and anguish seemed to show itself in his whole being. Another awkward pause, while the beautiful yellow sky glowed like light through amber. A queer, far-away, hold-your-breath sort of feeling came over me. I looked at the front of the house; the paths were choked with great weeds; the sun-dial was moss-covered, and on it was a lizard so quiet that it seemed petrified. On the shore of the pond the heron stood motionless. The little birds were sitting hushed in the branches of the rose-tree. Great thistles, almost black, were in the left foreground, and the gigantic rose-tree was blooming with beauty. But the something which made me shudder was the queer, fascinating light shining through the

windows, which affected me like a wail from the dead. I expected the next moment to hear a piercing cry from within the house.

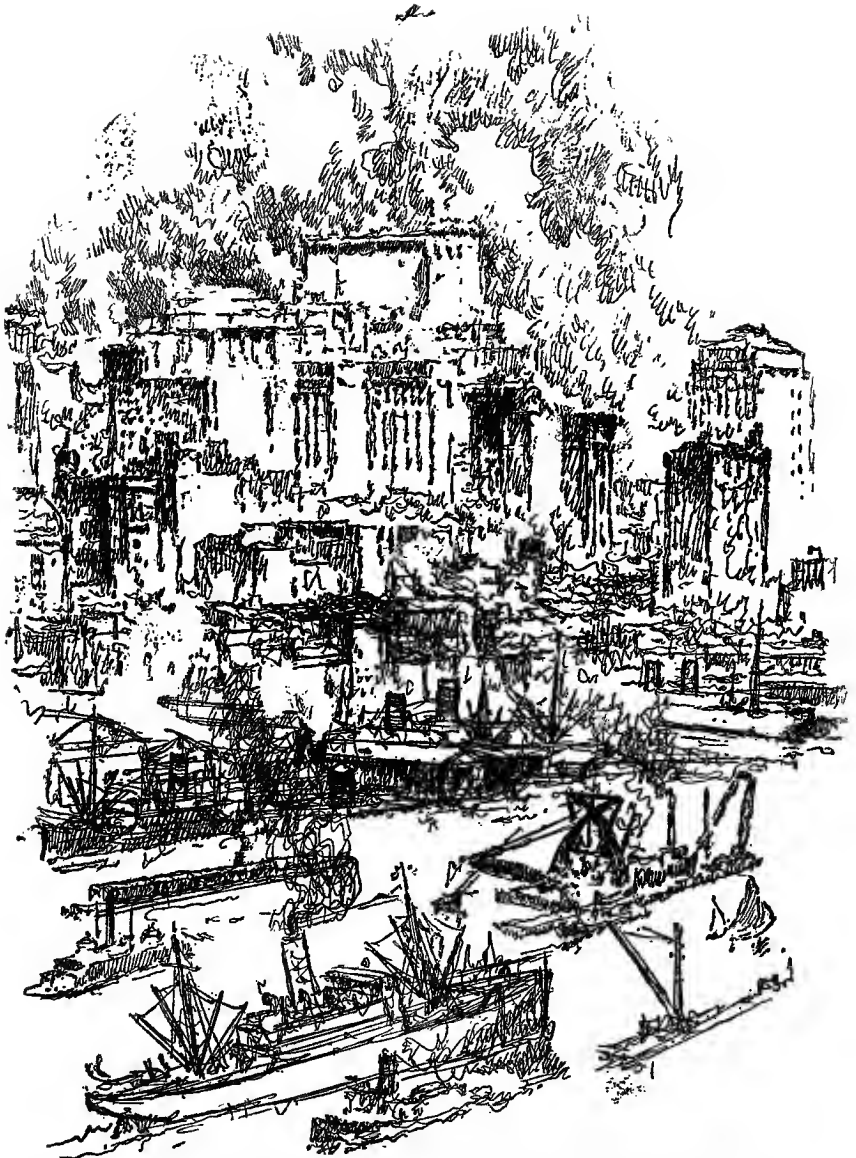
"You seem impressed," he said very gently, and his voice sounded sweet and low. He replaced the curtain over the picture, and, as he did so, said slowly and sadly, "Only a man with a haunted heart can paint a haunted house."

## MY CITY

*By* JAMES P. HANEY

What is it makes my city—not her towers,  
Her marts or wharves, her teeming tenements.  
These be but parts, something transcends them all,  
A spirit—an essence, genius, soul—  
Which wakens through her moil to consciousness,  
And whispers to her peoples, that she lives.  
All those that love her she bids band themselves  
To work together that she gain in grace,  
To work together that she stand secure,  
'Gainst evils which would rob her of her fame;  
To work, until each worker comes to see  
Her very self as builded not of stone,  
But a vast structure made of conscious clay  
And dumbly voiceless only to the dumb.  
This living thing, my city seems to me—  
So proud she stands—so splendid on her hills.





"The City set on the Hill that cannot be hid," from an etching by Joseph Pennell



## A TEMPERANCE STORY

By GEORGE INNESS, JR.

*With Illustration by JOHN EDWIN JACKSON*

HE WAS rich; a miser, some folks called him. He had never married; he had worked hard and found no time for love making. And after many years, when he had gained what was considered in his town a large fortune, he had grown so fond of his money that he could not share it with anyone. A wife was expensive, and then they might have children. He hated children; he hated wives; he hated everything that cost money. But he loved money and that was all he cared for in life. He had no friends; he wanted none. He lived in two little rooms over his office, where he carried on a real estate and insurance business. He loaned money on real estate, and by foreclosures had amassed a fortune. An old colored woman came once a day to make up his bed and clean his little house; his food he got at the village inn.

'Twas a bitter cold December night. He drew a table close to the office stove. Then he carefully pulled down the shades at the windows. He opened a little iron safe and drew out a tin box and placed it on the table, and then he drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, selected one, and, thrusting it into the lock, took from out the box a memorandum which he spread upon the table beneath the oil lamp that hung from the ceiling overhead. He adjusted upon his long, angular nose a pair of huge rimmed spectacles, and taking up a pencil that stood with a pen in an old broken teacup, he traced its point down through a column of figures, and his little beady eyes twinkled as he noted down the

stocks and bonds and mortgages he had safely locked in the deposit vault in the city. He drew toward him a paper pad and wrote down long columns of figures, which he added together. Then he chose from out his bunch of keys two little ones. He chuckled as he jingled them together and smiled as he almost thought aloud that these two little keys held all this wealth secure in that great vault, guarded by strong men with guns, that none might molest his treasure. Then he turned the leaves of his check book, and smacked his lips as he noted the balance to his credit in the bank.

Then there came to his startled ear a sound as of someone knocking at the outer door. With almost a gasp of fright he swept everything from the table into a drawer beneath. He unlocked the door and opened it, to see his old school friend and chum, Jack, standing on the threshold, who looked almost frozen to death.

"Why, come in, old man; come in and warm yourself. It's a bitter night to be out; come, draw up to the fire and I will get out something to cheer as well as warm you." He went to a cupboard and fetched out a box of cigars and a bottle of whisky. No, though he loved money, he was not mean, and he was genuinely glad to see his old friend. Jack took a cigar, but declined the whisky, and said: "Oh, Tom, I'm in great trouble and have come to you for help. You are rich, Tom, and you can help me if you will. My wife and children are ill. We have scarcely enough to eat in the house, and through ill health I have lost my position in the bank. Our little home, that is all we have in the world, we are about to lose through foreclosure. I must have a thousand dollars, Tom, or we are ruined and turned out into the street. Will you let me have it, Tom? For old times' sake—one thousand dollars. I'll pay it back with interest; I swear I will. I'll soon get over this illness—it's really nothing—and I'll get to work again. I'll pay you back, Tom. Will you let me have the money?"

Then a hard look came into Tom's face as he clicked the two little keys on the bunch within his pocket, and said, "What security can you give me, Jack?"

"None, none," cried Jack. "I have nothing, but I thought perhaps for friendship's sake you might take the risk, and let me have the money. I'll work myself to death, but I'll pay you back, Tom."

Then Tom set his teeth deep into his cigar and said: "Jack, I can't let you have the money. I haven't it to lend; and if I had, it would do you no good. You'd pay off your mortgage and take out another one the next day. I know your kind. You've been a fool, Jack. You've been what some folks call generous. You have given more money away than I have ever spent. You've rather looked down on me, too, Jack, because I didn't dress as well as you, and didn't give fine dinners, and didn't join the club. You said some nasty things about me, Jack, when I foreclosed on Widow Jackson's farm. I know you gave her the money to get it back; and what good came of it? She lost the farm soon after, and where's your money now? If you had kept your money you wouldn't be here tonight asking me to be as big a fool as you. No, I will not lend you the money. I'm sorry for you, Jack. I'm sorry for anyone who acts like a fool and throws his money away as you have done. You have no right to ask me to suffer for your follies. What few dollars I have, have been earned by hard work; and I'm not going to part with them. I don't lend money without security, Jack, and that's the end of it."

Then Jack, without a word, moved slowly to the door, and as he stepped out into the cold he said, "Good night, Tom."

Tom turned the key in the door and resumed his seat at the table. He did not take out the papers from the drawer, but held the two little keys before his eyes, and as he tinkled them together he muttered to himself: "The man's a fool to think I'd give him a thousand dollars. He'd pay it back

with interest, with interest indeed! He'd never live to pay it back. Why, the man's half dead already. I know what that cough means if I am no doctor. I wish he had not come here. What right has he to come whining to me about his poverty; it's his own fault. I'll take a drop of whisky to warm me up."



He drew the bottle toward him and poured out a generous drink, and began sipping it slowly, for Tom was not a drinking man. And then he went on musing: "Yes, Jack always was a fool. What right had he to start out like a millionaire because he got a clerkship in a bank? He bought a house and married. What right had he to marry and have children before he had enough to live on?" And then he drained the glass and filled it up again and went on sipping. "Poor Jack, I wonder why he wouldn't take a drink. He said 'Good night!' I wish he had said, 'Go to hell!' What right had he to marry Mary Blake? She was a pretty girl. I might have had her if I had been fool enough to marry.



May Morning, from a painting by Robert H. Nisbet



Watching the People Below—Amiens Cathedral,  
from an etching by John Taylor Arms





Mary Blake—and she is ill. I'm sorry, but it's their own fault. They might have saved their money. Mary had pretty eyes. I'll drink to your eyes, Mary, in another glass. After all, Jack was a good fellow. How we used to tramp along the brook in the meadow, and kill bullfrogs! I wish he had not said 'Good night.' I wonder if Jack remembers when we played hooky, and went to the cider mill, where Joel Crane let us suck the golden juice through a straw as we lay on our bellies across the fat barrels. Let us suck cider through a straw for helping him shovel apples into the press all day. Well, here's to memory, Jack! Let us suck cider through a straw for shoveling apples all day. I wish he had not said 'Good night.' I'll take another drink and go to bed. I'm cold—shoveling apples for a straw—"

He reached for the bottle, but his hand dropped into the table drawer and rested upon a book. He took it out and opened it and said, "Apples for a straw," as he reached for the pen that stood in the broken teacup. He dropped the pen in an inkstand that stood upon the table and wrote, "Pay to the order of John Graham, one thousand dollars," then he signed it, put it in an envelope, which he addressed and sealed, and as he licked the stamp, he mumbled, "Apples for a straw."

When Tom came downstairs the next morning, his head ached a little and, as he expressed it, he felt "rotten." But he remembered all that had happened the night before, and reaching for the envelope that lay upon the table, addressed to Mr. John Graham, he chuckled to himself. "What a fool I almost was! The whisky must have gone to my head and made an ass of me," and he pinched the two little keys, and then he opened the stove door, and thrust the sealed envelope upon the glowing coals. Well, he'd straighten things up a bit before he went to breakfast. He picked up the check book that lay on the table where he had left it and gave a sigh of relief. Then he leaned his aching head upon the table and said: "I must have taken too much

of that stuff last night. I feel like the devil. They say the best cure is the hair of the dog that bit you, so I'll take a drink just to brace me up a bit." He poured out a glassful, and as he gulped it down, he murmured, "I wish he had not said 'Good night.' " Then he paced up and down the floor and sang: "An apple for a straw. Old Joel's dead and gone, an apple for a straw." Then he sat down at the table, drew the check book toward him and wrote, "Pay to the order of John Graham, *two* thousand dollars." He signed it, sealed and addressed it, and as he licked the stamp he mumbled, "Paid for shoveling apples with some cider through a straw." Then he dashed out of the little office, dropped the envelope into the postbox, and said, "Now, damn you, get on your way before I get sober again!"



**"A Certain Moment," from a woodcut by Howard McCormick**







"My garden wafts wide its delights"

## PIERROT

*By* CHARLES BUXTON GOING  
*With Illustration by* DUNCAN SMITH

Pierrot, planter of roses,  
    Airily pirouetting,  
    Pierrot, wearer of motley  
Weaving your idle posies—  
    See, where the sun shines hotly,  
    Brethren who labor, sweating!

My brothers win bread from the soil,  
    But bread without beauty is dry.  
    My garden wafts wide its delights  
That they, too, may drink as they toil;  
    It opens its arms to their nights.  
    Who gives them such wages as I?

Pierrot, carolling brightly,  
    Roving in pleasant places.  
    Pierrot, playing and singing,  
How can you watch so lightly,  
    Labors you see are wringing  
    Sweat from your brothers' faces?

I sing that they may not forget  
    The light and the gladness of youth,  
    The magic of love and its kiss,  
The peace with which death may be met.  
    And is it a trifle, in sooth,  
    To do them such service as this?

## A FRIEND OF MINE

By J. B. CARRINGTON

THE first time I met him I was impressed by the far-away look in his eyes. They were such sad eyes, eyes that made you think of old sorrows, old dreams, old mysteries of life. They were certainly the windows of *his* soul. We were soon on familiar terms and I noticed a quick response to a kindly spoken word, a manner that expressed keen interest in any small attention. You know the type, I'm sure, the sort that unless you are entirely absorbed in yourself you can't help liking, can't help wanting to be kind to.

Our mere acquaintance developed early into a warm friendship and we had numerous walks together. His was ever a silent friendship and only by his manner were you sure he was enjoying the beauty and freedom of the country roads, the lush meadows, the cooling waters of the brooks we met. I used to enjoy watching his enjoyment, his feeling of companionship, his sense of being in friendly company, and I found myself responding to his moods and cheerful abandonment to the joy of the present moment.

There was no guile in his heart, evidently, and with him I often forgot the pressing cares of the years, the youth that I'd left along those same roads, along those same brooks. I, too, could walk with lighter step, feel the impulse to run and jump and let old care go hang. When sad eyes sparkle and every step betrays enjoyment it's hard to be a clam and not hear singing voices, feel new thrills in your veins. At least this is the way it always seemed to me when I walked with my friend.

I've seen him sit quietly, pensively, as if staring at the





Interwoven, from a painting by Frank M. Moore



Labor, from a drawing by David Robinson



distant blue hills, and wished I could read his thoughts, wished I could fathom the soul of those sad brown eyes. They were always appealing, the eyes of a trusting, helpless one, one dependent upon human kindness, and I couldn't think of anyone wanting to be rude to him, or being unwilling to share a friendly meal if he happened to be around when the dinnerbell rang. He was so appreciative of attention, though he never overdid it, or made you feel that he was only nice for what there was in it. So many can be nice when they are looking for some profit. This fellow was more thankful for a kind word than for any other gift. He simply couldn't be happy without believing the human world was a friendly one. You have met this kind. I don't mean the whiners, the fellows that beg, but the genuine kindly soul that gives himself and his friendship and love and only asks a return in kind.

My friend was ever a wanderer and I often thought his wanderings were chiefly in his search for sympathetic and friendly companionship. He was quick to see when his advances were understood and then his whole manner changed from one of sadness to one of joy and animation. I confess I liked his friendship. It flattered me. I was glad that we could meet and exchange greetings, walk the roads together, and without a word on his part be conscious we were enjoying each other's society.

I was from the first in doubt as to his exact nationality. He appeared to be of mixed races, but with predominating characteristics that pointed back somewhere to British ancestors. There was a reminder of John Bull in the squareness of his jaw and in his sturdy body, and on one or two occasions I discovered that he was entirely capable of defending himself from uncalled-for rudeness. He evidently lived on the Shakespearean principle of

“Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.”

He never walked by my old home without stopping to exchange greetings, never passed me on the road that he was not ready to wigwag kindly sentiments. He was known to many passers-by and few but had a kind word for him. I have long since left the old town and the old boyhood home I loved, but I shall hope as the years go by and my friend reaches the middle years and beyond, that he may always have some place to call home, some place to end his days in comfort.

The older years are so full of sadness for all of us. True friends are few and the honest, simple souls are easily forgotten in the stress of life these modern days.

Of course Mike was only a dog, but somehow I can't help believing that dogs have souls and that our own are made better by our response to their honest love and faith.

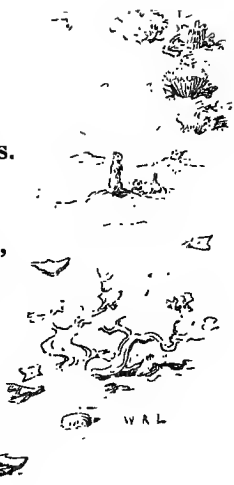


By W. R. LEIGH  
*Illustrations by the Author*

There's a lonesome, lonesome region  
 That most men are wont to shun,  
 Where are bits of painted legend  
 Seen on pot-shards in the sun.

And in wild deserted places,  
 Ruins perched in clefts and caves,  
 Tell of long since vanished races,  
 That have come and gone like waves.

Ah! the lonesome, lonesome places  
 Of that parched, pied, pathless land,  
 Where the spellbound dreamer traces  
 Records strange on every hand.



Stories of the past, on pages  
Mystic, grim, and stern as death,  
And far back through distant ages  
He returns with bated breath.

And the roar of archaiaian oceans,  
Comes upon the vagrant breeze,  
And dread underground commotions  
Seem still vibrant in his knees.

And in pale mirage a-tremble,  
Where the plains are dim and vast,  
Loom huge shadows that resemble  
Extinct monsters of the past.

Ah! the lonesome, lonesome places  
Of that wan, wide, wasted land,  
Where on crazy, crooked bases  
Giant boulders balanced stand.

Where fantastic spurs and spires,  
And titanic mesas rise,  
Tinged as by satanic fires,  
High against cerulean skies.

Carved as by a race of Devils,  
Who in ultra-freakish moods,  
'Mid demoniacal revels,  
Sought to mock the solitudes.

And with drunken reel and laughter,  
Splashed crude colors far and wide,  
Which kind Nature long thereafter  
Touched, and strangely unified.



Ah! the lonesome, lonesome places,  
Of that hard, harsh hungry land,  
Where the lean coyote chases  
Gaunt jack-rabbits o'er the sand.



Where the furtive hawk descending  
On the prairie dog, waylays,  
And the fell cliff owl, contending  
With the captured rock rat, slays.



Where the rattlesnake is lurking  
In the runway of the mouse,  
And the gopher, blindly working,  
Shapes his subterranean house.

Where the lizard, pied and speckled,  
Darts, blue, yellow, red and green,  
And the horn-toad, flecked and freckled,  
Brown, and buff, and gray, is seen.



Where the Navaho is wending  
Up the boulder-covered steep,  
With his mongrel canine tending  
Sploched and spotted goats and sheep.



Ah! the lonesome, lonesome places  
Of that weird, seared, savage land,  
Where the wind weaves fairy laces  
On the dunes of drifting sand.

Where the dancing heat waves hurry  
Skyward from the sage all day  
And the writhing dust whirls scurry  
O'er the wastes like specters gray.

Where the cactus and the grease-wood,  
And the tumbleweed survive,  
And the bunch grass has the hardihood  
To fight, and keep alive.



Ah! the lonesome, lonesome places,  
Of that rude, crude, cruel land,  
They pursue like haunting faces  
That are terrible and grand!

For the witchery and magic  
Of old Nature's story, there  
Told in language blithe and tragic,  
Thrills the dreamer everywhere.



And the wilderness, undaunted,  
He is eager to invade,  
And his pathway seems enchanted,  
And his feet with wings arrayed.



And the mystery and wonder  
Lure him on forever more,  
All the lonesome spots to plunder  
Of their wealth of secret lore.

And the breezes seem to lisper  
Things the heart alone can hear,  
And a wizard voice to whisper  
That the Lord Himself is near.

Ah! the lonesome, lonesome places,  
How I love them—love them all,  
Love the bleak and barren spaces,  
Though they menace and appall!

For the desert's fate is bitter,  
And the desert's life is stern,  
And there is no comrade fitter,  
To whom such as I may turn.

And the desert's soul is weary,  
And the desert's heart is lone,  
Yet to me they are not dreary,  
For they are so like my own.



## MR. LO PINTO

*An Appreciation by his Former Bookkeeper, Giacomo Cirrito*

*By MONTAGUE GLASS*

*With Illustration Cut on Wood by HARRY TOWNSEND*

**M**R. GENEROSO LO PINTO and myself conduct very prosperous flower and feather business on West Houston Street. Myself; I am bookkeeper with sound knowledge of chemistry, obtained at University of Naples which I leave on account unpleasant affair concerning diamond ring, a professor says I am stealing. This is all a mistake as ring was glass and of no value to me whatever. Nevertheless, by long practice I am mixing glycerine and acid, symbol whereof is  $\text{HNO}_3$ , and highly sterilized absorbent cotton, in just right proportions for prosperous flower and feather business such as Mr. Generoso Lo Pinto conducts on West Houston Street. Also I am correspondent, having cultivated fine, direct method of appeal to prospective customers, with liberal use of red ink, all of which made trade brisk in flower and feather business, with only occasional recourse to mixture as before.

Mr. Lo Pinto treats me very well according to his standard, which is not high, he having been engaged in fish business in Palermo and not having sound knowledge of chemistry. Mr. Lo Pinto's fish business was conducted by means of stiletto—very violent and clumsy method, although has the advantage of no blood, at the most a teaspoonful or two. Mr. Lo Pinto retires from fish business in Palermo on account unbusinesslike affair with lady. Mr. Lo Pinto tells me lady is all time coming to see him and interfering with fish busi-



Other Days, from a drawing by Arthur I. Keller



ness, as Mr. Lo Pinto is big man with large brown mustache and lady admires him. Mr. Lo Pinto conceives it practicable to remove lady in conventional Palermo fish business method, and he comes to America and conducts on West Houston Street flower and feather business as above.

All the time lady's husband is wondering what becomes of lady, he having two small children and old mother, and lady having sound knowledge of to cook, to sew and to keep house generally. Also he wonders what becomes of Mr. Lo Pinto, and for my part I am quick to perceive that Mr. Lo Pinto wonders how long it will be before the husband finds his way to West Houston Street. To the end that Mr. Lo Pinto should not be surprised when husband comes, Mr. Lo Pinto wears shirt constructed of steel wire made up the same like thousands of small watch guards, and Mr. Lo Pinto also carries in right rear pocket of pantaloons very expensive magazine firearms and spare magazine full of cartridges. Always I say to Mr. Lo Pinto: "Now, my dear Mr. Lo Pinto, rely upon me if husband comes. Buy me also expensive firearm with magazine complete."

But Mr. Lo Pinto always answers. "*Do you* buy it yourself, on account you have lots of money in Royal Italian Post Office Savings Bank," which I am obliged to admit is true. Also Mr. Lo Pinto about the time I come to work for him shows great attachment for game of roulette, and by the time I am one year working for him, he is all the time trying to borrow money from me which naturally I object.

"Yourself, dear Mr. Lo Pinto," I say, "would have too money in Royal Italian Post Office Savings Bank, supposing you would not gamble."

Then he answered me by employing Italian phrase, very hard for translation, which is similar to impugning the chastity of one's mother, only not so refined.

Finally, Mr. Lo Pinto is asking me if I would embark in house property speculation with him, as builder in upper



But no, Mr. Lo Pinto stands in middle of flower and feather establishment and faces door, in which appears short, muscular person in untidy costume of native Palermo, just arrived in America.

"A-ho!" says untidy emigrant. "So it is you?"

Mr. Lo Pinto smiles and says, "*Che volete?*"

"You know what I want," says untidy emigrant. "Where is she?" Then emigrant makes torrent of abuse and upbraiding, at which says Mr. Lo Pinto with unpleasant smile: "What use you make so much fuss about a ——" (employing terms not countenanced among refined persons).

The emigrant he is on Mr. Lo Pinto with one leap, but Mr. Lo Pinto still smiles. Stilettoes make no progress with watch-guard vest as above, and so Mr. Lo Pinto is confident he is all right.

I am obliged to laugh at the appearance of Mr. Lo Pinto's face when he discovers the truth. At first the emigrant being nervous penetrates only left lung of Mr. Lo Pinto. So, therefore, Mr. Lo Pinto coughs severely and reaches for expensive firearm in right hand rear pocket. I assure you it was a study to observe the mixed expressions of astonishment and chagrin, when Mr. Lo Pinto discovers that instead of expensive firearm is only a pipe for tobacco smoking. Then the emigrant recovers from embarrassment and nervousness, and this time makes accurate penetration of Mr. Lo Pinto's vital organ.

After this I am very busy man chasing emigrant out of flower and feather establishment with expensive firearm, and arranging for Mr. Lo Pinto's disposition in packing case with big lead, at two o'clock next morning from rear of three-horse truck, Public Pier Sixty-two, North River.

The packing case made big splash, for Mr. Lo Pinto was a heavy man, but he had not the qualities or the sound knowledge of chemistry which is so essential to the flower and feather business I am now conducting on West Houston Street.

## SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF WINTER

By ERNEST INGERSOLL

With Illustrations by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT WAS snowing and blowing tempestuously as I came home in the dusk, for the temperature had been falling rapidly with the decline of the day. I had to bend my face away from the hard-driven flakes as they came whirling around the corner of the house, yet there, in the very line of the wind, were half a dozen chickadees chuckling at my struggle to keep hat and bundles in place and temper unruffled. They did not show the slightest desire to enter the warm hall when the door was opened, but went dancing away toward the cedar-hedge where, I suppose, they will put up for the night.

With an extreme sense of masculine comfort I draw an arm-chair to the grate-fire, where Waggles glances up from the rug, moving his tail apologetically for not rising, and





carefully fill and light the big briarwood reserved for this postprandial hour. The thought strikes me that I am going into hibernation in a cave of books, pictures and trophies; and I think companionably, as I listen to the blast shrilling through the shutters, of the chickadees out in the hedge, for it seems to me they are the only living wild thing I have seen, here in town, since the world died under the first snow.

Winter, indeed, is nature's resting-time, when activity ceases and the stored benefits of summer are drawn upon gradually, and without ostentation, to maintain the strength and vivacity of all except the most highly organized beings. Plants and trees have fulfilled their great life-obligation of blossoming and fruiting, have shed the leaves by which they breathed, have bid their roots cease pumping food-laden water from the generous soil, and have settled into something like sleep.

Like ships heaved-to under bare masts to ride out a storm, with all below lashed snug, the trees now expose only tough limbs to the blast, which whistles harmlessly through their pliant twigs but would overturn them were all their sails of leaves set to oppose its power.

The lesser animals, unable to withstand the fury and famine of winter, have been provided by merciful nature with death, leaving eggs or larvæ, securely bestowed, to arise with the warmth of spring and continue their race. thus our insect-hosts survive from year to year. Others, as the fishes and newts, have been taught to retreat to safe places in the equable depths of sea or lake; while the weeds and mud in every pond and stream shelter under a cover of ice a horde of aquatic creatures, waiting in lazy comfort their release by the approaching sun. The kindly earth itself offers an asylum to innumerable burrowing animals, resisting by its internal warmth the outer cold, and cloaked by the frozen shell this same cold provides.

Only the hardest creatures then, it appears, can endure the northern winter in the open air, and retain health and

activity. Yet, when one comes to thinking over it, what criterion of hardiness may be stated? What about my chickadees? Why can some birds, for example, endure this hardship cheerfully while others, apparently no better protected, and perhaps of the same family, ornithologically speaking, must die, or flee southward with the first hint of frost?

One may seek to account for it in the case of wholly arctic animals—the polar bear, the arctic fox, wolf and hare—by saying that they are relics of the fauna of the Glacial Period (Pleistocene), and retreating with the melting ice-sheet,



have retained their resistant power against cold; but this leaves much unaccounted for, and involves some curious contradictions. For, example most arctic animals are white, or change their colored summer coats for white ones in November.

The tendency toward white in the Far North is notable in such species as the Rocky Mountain bighorns that become progressively paler toward high latitudes until at the

Alaskan extremity of the mountains the variety called Dall's sheep is purely white. Yet the bighorn's near relative, the mountain goat, is always white although inhabiting comparatively low mountains as far south as Puget Sound; and another near relative, the muskox, which goes further poleward than any other ruminant, does not become white at all! The snow-owl and the hawk-owl are both of arctic habitat and precisely similar food and habits, yet one is almost white the year 'round, the other never so.

Albinism in winter dress, assumed by so many far northern



Juerga in Cordova, from an etching by Ismael Smith



creatures, is supposed to be of service to them not only as a means of concealment in the snowy landscape, but also in conserving their bodily warmth. A white coat indicates absence of pigment in the hair, and that its place is taken by air, which is the best of non-conductors, so that the heat does not get away nor the cold reach the skin as readily as when the hair is colored. But several southern, or even tropical, birds, and some mammals, are white or nearly so; and what shall be said of the arctic muskox, raven, and seals that are black? Apparently too much stress has been laid on this matter of whiteness.

In truth, the factor of food is far more important than that of temperature in seeking an explanation of the ability of animals to withstand severe cold, and so give us the benefit of their presence in the north when dreary boreal conditions prevail. This is the explanation, too, of the fact that the antarctic continent is wholly void of animal life (except such as subsists by the sea, and uses the edge of the shore merely as a breeding-resort) in latitudes that correspond with northern zones full of perennial life and joy.

I read the other day that it was the most elementary principle of physics that nature abhors a vacuum. The remark sounded old-fashioned, but it appears less hackneyed when applied in natural history. Suppose that we change it so as to read: Nature is insistently economical. Even the vast oceanic reservoirs, that the ancients called the "desert of waters," and poets style a "waste," are crowded with living things and have colonized the continents. Now no remotest, forbidding corner, not actually sheathed in permanent ice, or seared by volcanic heat or shifting sand, remains untilled by the world-gardener. The heart of the hottest desert, the utmost rim of the coldest shore, has some scant vegetation at least. Where plants grow





Leopards—feeding time, from a drawing by Will H. Drake



Round One, woodcut by George J. Illian



The Boat Builders, from a woodcut by Tod Lindenmuth





# Old Rites & Rituals

By J. Sanford Saltus,



## Santa-Devota

**T**HE dark ages, transitional between antiquity and mediæval eras, have handed down many a wild, beauteous dream. For the world was resting then, slept—had time to dream. And among them all there is no fairer, purer story, even if terror-tinged, than that of Santa Devota, which the good monks of St. Derinus, in old Savoy chronicles, have transcribed so simply and so well that once a year there is a ship burned for her in Monaco. The tradition has been kept for centuries in memory of the girl who lost her life because she kept the faith.

In far off Corsica (birthplace of Napoleon) she died, but in Monaco her name will live forever. There will always be

a fête in her honor, given amid surroundings the world cannot double. So perfect is the setting that artists have been known to cavil at it, accusing nature of "over composing," according to theatrical rules, so exactly "placed" are masses of form and color which go to make up the scene.

Perhaps for this very reason there is blended with the celebration of the memory of this Christian Martyr a survival of prehistoric nature-worship in the "Blessing of the Sea." Let us stand by the little church of Santa Devota on the night of January twenty-sixth. There are masts in front of it on which hang pennants of "gules" and "argent," the colors of Monaco. From pole to pole around the open space between the church and the water, are festooned ropes of evergreens, strings of red and white lanterns, and, high and dry, there is the ship resting on what is soon to be a big bonfire.

The crowd makes way for the carriage of My Lord Bishop, who descends—walks to the ship—is handed a brand—fires it. Up shoot the flames into the night—there is a "crash out" of bells—the sound of drum and trumpet—long light lines leap along the buildings around the bay—all sorts of craft on the water near the shore and far out at sea are ablaze with multicolored radiance. Flare the red and white illuminations on land and water, while rocket-star showers fill the sky and beacon fires light the hilltops; it is Monaco's night. The night of Santa Devota.

On the afternoon of January twenty-seventh there is the procession "among the mountains," by the sea, starting high up from the plateau before the castle of the Prince of Monaco and filing down the cannon-lined mountain side, to the vale below where there is the little white church of Santa Devota, halting on the way by the shore for the "Blessing of the Sea," a picturesque ceremony appealing equally to the heart of the child or the brain of the savant.

That is the mystic charm of these old rites and rituals; the secret of their everlasting hold, for as Dumas, I believe,



## The Night of Santa Devora



has said, "The heart responds to many things the understanding cannot." Dear old Dumas! How he would have reveled in this!

The first cannon has flung its roar against the crags where the echoes dwell; they have caught it—hurled it back with a laugh of scornful thunder. The procession comes. There are two bebies of young girls, the "Virgin Guard of the Martyr Maiden." Some are robed in pale blue, some in pale pink—all wear long, white floating veils and wreaths of white, yellow-centered flowers, which impart to them a strange half-priestess, half-fairy look. The material of the dress is not as would at first appear, dyed in a clear tone, but shows a small checked pattern of white and blue or pink, which at a distance produces a beautiful shimmering effect.

But the mountain road is rough, so all wear heavy, high black shoes. Satin slippers would be torn to pieces before the procession was half over. This matter of foot covering shows that what to the inexperienced would seem a disadvantage, in the hands of a true pageant-master becomes an advantage, for these heavy shoes are of the hills, and they march well, these mountain girls.

There are Bishops (perhaps a Cardinal), Soldiers, Nuns, Sailors, Monks, strange costumed Orders, Societies with strange emblems and devices; boys, girls, band and singers, sometimes with whose music you catch the splash and dash of the waves below.

Now all uncover, many kneel, for borne shoulder high on a litter, enshrined in a casket of crystal and gold, come the relics, fragments of the bones of Santa Devota. These are accorded full military honors, escorted by a guard of soldiers, surrounding them with the glitter of bayonets—the glint of swords. And so they are carried to the little church to the majestic melody of "the screaming trump, the rolling drum"—"and the deep mouthed cannon's bay."

Many strangers will be in Monaco on the days of the fête. They will see the Burning Ship, the Relics, the Procession;

they will hear singing, the artillery, the echoes, but some may never have heard the history of the girl who died so far away, so long ago, and for them I will try and tell



## The Story of Santa Devota

Emperor Diocletian showed no mercy to those who worshiped Jesus. Well knew his deputies that for them to do so was to merit his displeasure. So in Marino, Corsica, when it came to the ears of the Pro Consul that there was one, a girl Devota, who was a believer in the Christ, he ordered that she should straightway be brought before the tribunal. But she was nowhere to be found, for Enticus, a Senator, albeit not himself a Christian, took pity on the girl, and gave her hiding in his house, but of a sudden he died. There were not wanting those who said, "by poison."

The girl was found and taken before her judges, who commanded her to "Sacrifice unto the gods." She made answer, "I worship one God," and the tormentors took her, choked her with a cord, crushed her mouth with a stone, and from her torn, gory lips a white dove flew. But she recanted not. She underwent still more cruel tortures, and at last,





The Tempest



was dragged naked over rough rocks until in pain and shame she died.

Two sailors, Christians were they, who had long hid in a cave, came forth at night, took the shattered, battered body of Devota, laid it in a small boat, and set sail for the African coast. A long voyage it was, but the sea lay calm. Then all at once "there did blow a great wind from the south" with a mighty turmoil of the waters. And then the tempest came. Above the roaring there was heard a murmur soft from out the dead girl's mangled mouth of "Follow the Dove," and with the murmur came a red blood gush and a white dove.

This, the old tale tells, was the first red and white of Monaco's blazon. Hour after hour, day after day, through the long horror of the storm the dove flew on; after her sped the boat and then came a moment when all seemed lost, the tattered sail became a sheet of flame, but on straining mast, along frayed rope, fair, fragrant flowers bloomed and the boat grounded at last on the beach at Monaco.

Centuries later, as the record shows, Santa Devota appeared in Monaco and gave warning of an impending treachery.



## Lou Presepi Nissari

“**T**HEN came each actor on his ass.” So Hamlet said to Polonius when the strolling players came to play before the Court in Elsinore Castle; and they came to Nice on asses, horses, on foot, only a few years ago. They come by train now and with the street Fair are banished to the suburbs. But they are the same light-hearted rovers as they were when they were known and loved by Scott, Marryat, Dickens and Gautier. Long before, in mediæval days, troops of mimes, or in some cases palmers of companies of monks, gave representations of “Mysteres” or Miracle Plays, and it is strange that now, while the street Fair is no longer held in the old quarter, there is a marked revival of the Presepi, that strange mingling of drama and broad comedy. It is a legacy of the Italian Dominion of Nice, to be seen in some out-of-the-way nook in the old town, sometimes in a dingy shop, or living-room, where the audience sits on rickety chairs or stands amid a swarm of children and dogs.

Drop two or three sous in a cup, enter and you are far away from the modern playhouse or church. You cannot at first tell which you are in, for the oil lamps do not give much light but do give much smoke!

There’s no bill of the play, but a band of cloth runs round the wall on which is painted in a crude, but by no means

inartistic design, a series of colored pictures depicting the principal scenes of the play.

There is, as a rule, an accompaniment of a guitar or a "mandolino" or two, with perhaps a tamborine, played with considerable skill and what is better, true feeling.

Then there is a chorus that sings with vigor and dash, especially when, at the great moment of the Presepi, all present join in singing the "Gloria."

This is the usual Presepi held nightly from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Night (Jeanne d'Arc's birthday), but there is something more elaborate attempted now in a handsome red tent alongside the Cathedral for the opening of the Presepi at Christmas time.

There is a clean board floor, cloth-covered walls, comfortable chairs and benches and electric lights! Quite a change from the old time,

"Booth of mountebanks with its  
smell of tan and planks."

But "the play's the thing" the good old Presepi never changes; with its set stage-scene, its puppets, all lit by small wicks floating in cups of oil, sunk in the green grass or white snow. For locality and season are not thought of in the arrangement. So much the better, for in the corner there is the "Manger," the "Christ Child." The spirit of Christmas knows no time or place, is world-wide, eternal.

All feel this when the little wax angel is lowered to the sound of trumpets. It is the hour of the "Nativity," "Gloria in Excelsis," and then—a narrow platform extends across the back of the stage on which suddenly appears the first figure, a sort of mannequin, longer than those of a "Punch and Judy" show. And now begins a sort of blending of Harlequinade and Guignol. The sacred part of the drama is over, now comes the fun of the Presepi Nissart. There's *Lou Burat*, *Lou Sacristan*, *Lou Troublé*, *Lou*

*Gendarme, Lou Paster, Barba Laurent, bienn La Filiese* and others; a funny crowd in which a priest is the funniest of all!

A few moments there was an awesome hush for *l'Ange*. Now shrieks of laughter ring; it is truly joyous, simple-hearted and innocent Yule Tide fun of the old Presepi in the old town, near the old Cathedral, and it must be over soon; it is midnight and we must be off in time for midnight Mass.











## The Forbidden Fruit



# The Nouë of the Madeline

WHEN Christmas Eve is over, when Christmas morn has come, even here in bright, gay Nice, somewhere, some hearts may be filled with a "nameless longing" for "the spirit of Christmas past." Some lips may murmur, "O for an old-fashioned Christmas, they don't have them any more!" But they do have them. Only a few moments ride from the Casino there is a little vale, where a little brook slips by a little church, where, from half-past two till half-past six in the morning, or later, there's the "Nouë," the singing of "Lou Rimaire" to a tune so old that none can tell who first sung it in the old days.

The old days! They come again with the "Nouë," strange survival of the miracle play of the middle-ages, not with the sonorous splendor of Oberammergau's majestic rendering, or the martial pomp of Hasselt's "Virga-Jessie," held every seven years, but soft and sweet, with memories of our own childhood, the childhood of the world.

All the parts are enacted by children, so it's all a "fairie dreame" from the moment when Adam and Eve eat the "forbidden fruit" to the entrance of a Nice laundress of this year!

It is a long story, but "Lou Rimaire" sings so well that you understand it all. You will never forget his song, the crimson star, the mountain huntsman's knock at the door; the old world faith, the Christmas joy in the little gray church, where there's the "Nouë of the Madeleine."



**J**OHAN SANFORD SALTUS died on the twenty-fourth of June, 1922, in London, where he had gone from Paris to assume the presidency of the British Numismatic Society. His first devotion as a collector was to the library of the Salmagundi Club, including his favorite collection of books on Louis XVII; then to the Numismatic Society in New York and finally to the erection of statues and monuments and shrines to the memory of Joan of Arc. He loved the traditions and the atmosphere of Old France. He lived again in the time of the lost Dauphin and the Maid from Domremy, fascinated by the mystery of the one and the tragedy of the other; interested in coins and medals and books and coronations and dynasties and revolutions and flowers. He collected for others and lived only to give—give—give.

From early manhood his life was a struggle with a flooding income that threatened to overwhelm him, whose rising tide he tried to stem with gifts. His death was a tragedy and he sleeps under a blanket of roses and orchids with the medals of the Joan of Arc Society on his breast.

W. H. S.



Chartres Cathedral, from a drawing by H. Van Buren Magonigle





Old City Gate, by Frank Hazell





Post Rider of 1780, from a drawing by Edward Penfield



The Old Cider Mill, from a drawing by Clarence Rowe







**Beach and Surf, from a painting by Arthur Turnbull Hill**



**Steel Workers Before a Furnace, from an etching by Arthur S. Covey**



## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE INNESS AND GEORGE WALDO HILL

*By* ARTHUR TURNBULL HILL

**B**ORN in the same year, much alike in character and temperament, both artists, of similar spiritual leanings and political beliefs, self-made and practically self-taught men, George Inness and my father, George Waldo Hill, formed an attachment early in life that lasted for many years and only closed with the unfortunate and premature death of the latter.

Although George Innes, Jr., often used to talk of my father very entertainingly when artists were gathered together and some of our members will no doubt recall such anecdotes in the old clubhouse in Twelfth Street, they may not have known just who Dr. Hill was. My father was a dentist by profession and a painter, actor and musician by taste and inclination. George Inness said: "Had your father adopted art as a profession—as I wanted him to—he would have made a great painter."

At an early date my father recognized the genius of Inness and proclaimed him as the coming American Master—as one of the greatest landscape painters of all times. This was long before the Civil War.

Father never tired of talking George Inness. He bought Innesses and induced others to buy them. When I was born we had a fine collection of Innesses. Some of these canvases Mr. Inness had inscribed over his signature: "Painted for my friend, George W. Hill."

After the War my father had his dental offices at No. 5 Brevoort Place—10th Street—and in 1867 married my mother, Elizabeth Turnbull, daughter of John Turnbull of New York.

Speaking of this period, the late James McCormick, connoisseur and well-known art collector, said: "Your father had a salon where one could meet the celebrities and nabobs of the day. Such a thing is unknown in New York now." Among the celebrities Mr. McCormick had reference to were Junius Brutus and Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack and Charlotte Cushman. Whether my father took important parts with the Booths or with Wallack, we are not certain; but we know that he played CLAUDE MELNOTTE to Charlotte Cushman's PAULINE in "The Lady of Lyons," with great success.

My mother also was an ardent admirer of Inness, so that my own love for him was well inherited and cultivated from infancy through daily association with his works. I have no earlier recollection than of seeing Mr. Inness and his son, "Young George" at our house in DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn. Our place had large grounds and was next to that of Mr. Inness' brother, Joseph Inness.

George Inness was a most remarkable man—his manner of working was entirely different from that of any painter I have ever seen. The energy of his attack upon a canvas (in his case it was literally an attack), the rapidity and accuracy of his drawing and brushwork and the amount of space he would cover in a few moments, was simply marvelous to watch. At such times his eyes fairly glowed and snapped and he would often talk while he worked, in this rapid way, expressing his thoughts and giving his reasons, scientific and artistic, for what he was doing at the moment.

I will never forget my first impression of seeing Inness work in my father's studio. I stood in great awe of my father and by keeping quiet was allowed to stay in the studio and watch him paint. One day as he was touching over

quite a large canvas—finished and signed—Mr. Inness came in. He looked at the picture on the easel and there was some discussion. Inness evidently had a different idea from my father of the way that particular subject should be treated. At any rate he finally jumped up, grabbed the big palette from the painting table, seized a large tube of white and starting at the small end of the palette had squeezed out the whole tube by the time he reached the thumb-hole. Taking up a big brush, with one swift backward scoop he lifted that entire lot of white and “plunked” it squarely in the middle of the sky.

Then began that rapid brushwork—that scrubbing, rubbing, spreading of the paint across the canvas without seeming to lift the brush from its surface which I have never seen anyone else do in anything like the same way. The whole thing was done without, so to speak, stopping to take breath; other colors, black, blue, orange, had followed in quick succession after the white, and in a few moments the color scheme of the picture was completely changed. It was very wonderful to me—whether father agreed with what Inness had done or not. I remember that he took the picture down and turned it to the wall. They were both strong-willed men, and while they usually agreed at times had some very warm controversies, it made no difference in their friendship and they evidently enjoyed it.

Inness appeared severe in his criticisms at times to those who did not know him, not even sparing his own family on occasion. But his comments were always very original and often more apt to induce a laugh than to excite resentment.

Although only a boy at the time I well remember an incident where he criticized and complimented his wife in the same breath. Mrs. Inness was a beautiful woman and a lovely character and received, I am sure, the full measure of her husband’s affections; but her grasp of the histrionic art evidently did not always meet his expectations.

It was at North Conway, White Mountains. Mr. Inness

and my father had gone on one of their sketching trips in May, 1875, and we all followed later. We stayed at the Kersarge House, a famous resort in those days, especially for Bostonians.

During the summer father had a series of private theatricals, one of the plays being "Richard the Third," which was staged in an old school house on the Kersarge Hotel grounds. Mother attended to the costumes for the first performance, which was so successful that the play was repeated later, this time the costumes being ordered from Boston.

Mr. Inness and my mother did not take part and I sat with them near the stage. I remember how handsome Young George looked as PRINCE EDWARD, all in black velvet with a long black cloak, and Mrs. Inness made a beautiful LADY ANNE, but the appearance of my father as the misshapen and deformed GLOSTER was so awful to me that when it came to the part of the meeting between GLOSTER and EDWARD and father drew his sword—a very real sword with a long glittering blade—and killed Young George I sprang up and screamed with fright.

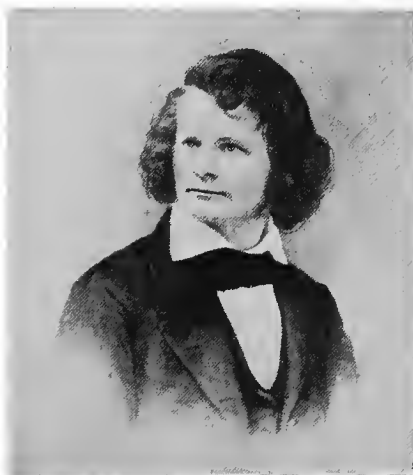
This was my first "tragedy"—and I was very fond of Young George. They must have calmed me, however, for I can still see, in the scene of GLOSTER'S wooing of LADY ANNE, my father on one knee baring his breast and Mrs. Inness brandishing his sword over him.

The criticism and compliment Mr. Inness paid his wife came later, as we were walking back to the hotel. My mother said, "Well, George, what did you think of Lizzie?" "Tame—tame, weak—weak"—and then, more quietly—"but beautiful—beautiful."

For many years I have read and heard the opinions *pro* and *con* of artists, color makers and others on the advisability of placing pictures out in the sun to dry. It may be of interest to painters to know that this was the practice of Inness—at least at the time of which I write. The long back piazza of the Kersarge was filled with canvases of Inness and my father during that summer. Most of Inness'



George Inness,  
from photograph by Rockwood



George Waldo Hill, from drawing by Brady





work has stood wonderfully and many of my father's pictures are as fresh as if painted yesterday.

We have a glowing "Winter Sunset" by Inness, dated 1857, in which the vermilions, cadmiums and blues are as fresh as the day they were painted. This picture in breadth and freedom of treatment, in color and style, could as well be dated 1887—thirty years later. It is so characteristic that no one but Inness could have painted it—which only goes to show how great and prevalent is the misunderstanding to-day regarding Inness and his work.

My father began teaching me to draw at a very early age. He was a "stickler" on drawing and is said to have confined himself to the use of black and white in various mediums until he was almost thirty years old. Inness held the same opinions as to the need for hard grinding with the pencil before taking up color. I can imagine what he would say to some of the artists who today start their pupils painting "still-life," or even from the living model, with canvas, brushes, pigments and oils, the origin, properties or use of which is absolute Greek to them and before the hand has been trained to make a straight, respectable looking line on paper.

My father died in 1878 and it was several years before I again saw Mr. Inness. His suggestions, advice, illustrations, on construction, composition, the use of color and of mediums, were harder to follow than to remember; for his terse, epigrammatic expressions and directions made a deep impression—in fact, anything Inness ever said is hard to forget. "Do little bits," said the Master; "put away your palette, take a sketch-book and pencil—don't try to make a picture—do little bits, do lots of them, come inside and *if you've got a soul you'll paint a picture—if you haven't, you won't!*" Strong meat for a youngster to digest. For sketching in oils Inness advised using only linseed with a little turps added, as a vehicle. As to colors, he said: "You can use almost any pigment made if you know how."

His method of work when beginning a new canvas (however much has been said to the contrary) was very scientific and thoroughly understood from the ground up. He used warm, transparent reds, browns or citrons, as the undertones to cover his drawing. Over these undertones were superimposed the final colors painted with the desired solidity. Inness was such a master of color that he knew to a nicety what the results would be. Of the final effect and how to obtain it he said to me: "Paint your picture in in the natural colors—true to nature—just as you see it. Let it dry—good. Take a warm color and thin it out—such as gamboge, yellow ochre, raw sienna—whichever seems best—use your judgment. Spread it thinly—rub it in—over your picture, then while it's wet go over and touch up your high lights and your shadows. You'll have sunlight—all sunlight—warmth—and you'll have pulled your picture together." This may sound easy—but do it! For a lesson Mr. Inness gave me in construction and composition he used a large and superb "Indian Summer" that he was working on. I was so enthralled with the color and atmosphere of the picture that I must have appeared stupid as he talked on structural forms, dimensions, distances, spaces, masses and lines. "Seventy-five feet across the base line"—sweeping the stick end of his brush along the bottom of the forty-five inches of canvas. "Twenty-five feet back to that tree," indicating the largest one at the left. Then the girth of that tree—the distance to the next one and its size. The character of the objects and the reasons for their selection—the point of sight, the horizon line, the vanishing points—and so on through the entire scene with an exactness and certainty that was amazing. One might have thought he was an architect laying out a large structure and yet this picture was a veritable poem—an unsurpassed creative work.

George Inness had little use for what he termed "the frumpery of art." He never gave teas or entertained socially in his studio. One day having received an invitation from

Mrs. Joseph Inness, I went with herself and youngest daughter, Kitty, to an affair in West Fifty-fifth Street, where the artists in the Holbein Studios were holding an afternoon reception. Mr. Inness' name appeared first on the card, his studio then being in No. 139, where were also Dearth, Deming, Ochtman, Marie Guise and DeCost Smith.

There were a number of visitors in the studio, but no Inness and people were much disappointed. Somebody said Hartley might know where Inness was and on inquiry he was located in a nearby restaurant. When told there were visitors that wanted to meet him he answered: "Nothing but idle curiosity—let them look at the pictures—they're on exhibition—I'm not." And nothing would induce him to leave.

It was the same way with the titles of his pictures. He rarely named them—Mrs. Inness did that. After dinner one evening at Grove Street, Montclair, I was admiring one of the masterpieces that hung in the living room. Mrs. Inness noticing my admiration said, "Do you like that, Artie?" and then turning to her husband—who was walking up and down the room clicking his heels together, a way he had—"That's a picture of Medfield, isn't it, George?" Mr. Inness came over and squinting through his glasses replied, "Medfield, Medfield—never saw the spot in my life!" repeating the last sentence as he turned away. Dear Mrs. Inness probably thought an attribution to some particular place or spot would enhance the picture in my eyes—but the "Old Man" failed her that time.

## HERE'S TO CRIME!

By WALTER JACK DUNCAN  
*With Illustrations by F. G. COOPER*

IT IS all very well to say: "Be virtuous and keep out of jail." Every one cannot be a criminal and lawless in the world. There must be some victims. Some must be sacrificed if evil is to prosper. And, believe me, it is necessary for evil to prosper, if virtue, which is its better half, is to endure. Besides, it is just the uncertainty and suspense this ticklish state of affairs leaves us in daily that gives a zest to existence. If heaven has seemed in this respect generous to a fault of late, if it has poured forth its favors in abundance, we should consider ourselves fortunate and to be envied. Who reads the newspapers at least is no longer in doubt with the Pyrrhonists as to whether we live! True, life is prosaic enough at best. There is, unfortunately, not enough trouble in it to satisfy all, and we are compelled frequently to resort to novels or the stage to eke out our meagre portions. We are obliged to share with imaginary characters of a mimic world misfortunes which they divert from



our own. Not that I complain, far from it. Blessed be their generous authors, say I; blessed be they in their works; blessed be they for the anxious moments they give us. Heaven's blessings on all those friendly souls who come with hands full of toys for us poor children. But thrice blessed be those agents of mischief who unselfishly sow obstacles in the way of tedium in real life, those active agents who "start something," who set the ball a-rolling, who—in this cross-country game of life, assuming the part of the hunted—gaily offer themselves to run before the hounds. Excellent, long-suffering, foolhardy fellows! Are they not indeed the life and soul of the party? What do we not owe them and what would we do without them? If the part of the villain is a thankless one, yet the play wanting their support would be, to many of us, scarcely worth the candle.

Considering all this, I seldom witness a murder any more (or any act of criminal violence), but I marvel at the hypocrisy of men who, while they inwardly enjoy, still outwardly condemn these welcome little dramas of every-day life. What a prodigious hullabaloo they make over them! What a hue and cry in the papers! Clergymen are shocked, public opinion is aroused, the authorities are confounded. Why? Wherefore? Honestly, what great harm is there in them, after all, except to the victims? I know—I know! The sentimentalist, to be sure, may prattle on about the sacredness of human life, which is all very fine, all very noble. But, I ask you, have we survivors no rights? Must we, who wear out our lives amidst a dull and desolating monotony,



who hunger for excitement, who crave adventure, must our instincts, I say, be denied, and for what? A few solemn dead men? Should we not, rather, consider the greatest happiness of the greatest number? Too long have the police, in the pay of the constituted authorities, prostituted their trust and waged war upon society. With an absolute contempt for its spiritual needs have they run counter to the inclinations of mankind and imposed a straight-jacket upon nature. Their officiousness is indeed exasperating and their restrictions inhuman. In their zeal to regulate the affairs of men they would destroy the very *spurs* and excitements which set them in motion. Life, as has often been said, is a gamble. Hence the true meaning of life has been twisted out of all reason and compass, and its truant joys and risks and romance, which shape themselves from misadventure, will in no short time—provided these persecutions do not cease—be legislated off the face of the earth, to give place to a frozen security, a prison of virtues, a petrified morality, from whose inflexible grasp nothing that fugitive is, or joyous or heart-whole or care-free, shall ever find means of escape. Then shall these tiresome meddlers have the peace their hearts are so much set on; they shall have it, but it will not be the peace promised to men of good will. Yes, peace shall abound, an eternal peace, peace that is akin to death. For I repeat, without evil, which fructifies virtue, out of which comes good works, there will be no longer any possibility of action either good or bad, and man will have nothing more to do in the world. Thus we shall live to see the day which indeed the prophets foretold; we



shall realize a Heaven upon Earth, for life here will be then extinct.

Oh, I agree with you, there are doubtless some among us who have a natural horror of bloodshed, who are revolted at any act of violence, and who would find fault even with the most lurid of murders. I can understand that. There are some who would find fault with anything that contributes to human enjoyment. Reassure yourself, such milksops but belie their natures, they pervert their instincts. The truth is, properly considered, they are not human, they are *monsters*. Unhappily, like Abou Ben Adhem's, their tribe increases.

It is an indictment, indeed, frequently brought against us as a nation, that we are, all of us, too much given to masking our inclinations, to thwarting our desires. You fancy I shall lay this to the account of a Puritan ancestry. You are mistaken. I know better. It is, primarily, the fault of democracies. Being a free people, having attained at length to the height of independence, our natures automatically revert, and we incline toward prohibitions and restraints which will ultimately enslave us again. It is the law of life, life which alternately ebbs and flows, courts its opposite, and swings, like the pendulum, from one extreme to another in never ending oscillation. In the face of such a menace it behooves us to be on our guard. Virtue is all very well, no doubt, and is to be recommended to those who have it not. But this noon-hour hankering after betterment and uplift which the world makes such a rout about is not so vastly creditable, as, at first sight, it would appear. Let them have a care,



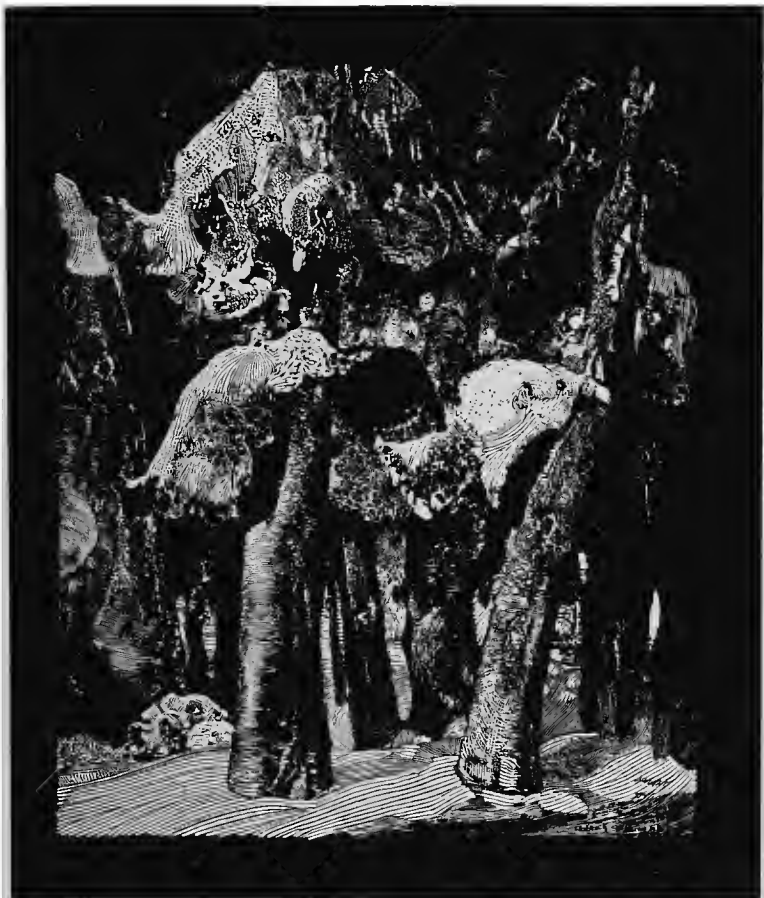
those apostles of goodness who take such a pride in their virtue, lest it merely betrays their poverty. Hunger is the chronic condition of the underfed. The less men, and especially women, it will be observed, deserve respect, the more they love to inspire it; none are so sensitive of their honor as those who are destitute of honor. In other words, we are never conscious of health until we have lost it. It is our fate, alas! to

“look before and after  
And pine for what is not.”

Do not the greatest sinners, more than any others, crave salvation? Certainly they have written some excellent tracts. Read the Newgate confessions; or read Solomon, a seasoned sinner in his time if ever there was one. His piety alone, if properly analyzed, is enough to condemn him. On the other hand, have not some of the best of men (and women, too), surfeited with excessive goodness, sought a holiday from their hallowed lives through the pleasant medium of tales and *fabliaux* and naughty devices hardly suited to the young nor indeed meant for children? If you doubt me consider only the mad extravagances of the good curé of Meudon, whose “debauches,” however, as Sainte-Beuve assures us, “were held entirely in his imagination, to which he gave himself up without restraint.” Or permit me to remind you of that lovely and chaste Queen, Margaret of Navarre, in whose “Heptaméron” are indecently exposed “all the ill tricks that women have played upon unlucky men.” What better





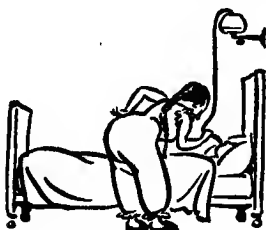


Primeval, from a woodcut by C. S. Chapman



evidence could one ask of the lady's modesty or virtue? Nay, I will go further, I will boldly affirm that a lusty appetite for vice is a glorious patent of purity and innocence. I am pure and innocent. How do I know? I love evil courses exceedingly. It may sound like boasting, but crime was ever a passion with me. It is a good sign. It is proof positive of unfulfilled desires. The more I think of it the more I am persuaded that we, as a nation, as we value our reputations and our lives, should mistrust cant, and cultivate a taste for theft, arson, rape, murder, and all manner of villany wheresoever it offers.

You are a sensible man, no doubt, of an open mind, a sunny disposition, no "fool," etc., etc., yet you confess in your heart a fascination for these things. Am I not right? What else, indeed, would persuade a mind so keen, so practical, and so occupied as yours is, to follow with patience an argument so simple, grave and commonplace as mine? Truly, what is it first attaches your interest in the morning paper but the latest reports of crime and violence? Nay, what else is history but a glorified police gazette recording the mischief of scoundrels—that is to say, men of enterprise and valor in the world? How comes it their misdeeds so hold our attention and fill the papers, which have no space for stories of homely goodness and simple charity that ought to grip the heart? Can it be seriously thought, this consuming desire, this inner urge, which is so universal with us, to occupy our minds and our imaginations with the exploits of heroes in war times, with the intimate goings-on and personal



affairs of the under-world in times of peace, was vouchsafed us for nothing? Emphatically no! It is a warning. Man, as has often been said, is a mixture of good and evil, who requires an outlet for his baser passions if all is to be sweet within. While we feel this desire, while we suffer from this urge, all is not sweet within. Concealment, like the worm i' the bud, feeds on our damask cheek. We pine, we sicken, we die! Who then will not be grateful to those curative agents who take the curse that blights us upon themselves, who free our souls of guilt, and who restore us to health and life again? Through the unselfish agency of others, our proxies, as it were, we find means to give our passions scope, and enjoy all the thrills of blackguards in safety and at second hand.

There are moments—and is it any wonder!—when this desire to escape the tedium of life takes possession of us, body and soul, to an extent that is well-nigh insupportable. Then makeshifts will not serve. Books will not serve. The movies will not serve. At such times: Oh, for a pocket to pick, a bank to rob, a train to wreck, the mere sight of blood, one little harmless homicide, even a child to smother; anything (so you are simple enough to fancy, at the moment), anything in the way of an atrocity will answer— But you, gentle reader, know the feeling . . .

Shall I ever forget the first murder these old eyes (then young and innocent) e'er beheld, distended wide with wonder and surprise? True, it may not have been so much (we were both young then, Bob and I, little more than boys,



when he slew our mutual friend Sam E——), and it may have seemed more important than it really was. I have no wish to exaggerate. Certainly, there was little to commend it. There was, of course, no "woman in the case," no sordid motive, few grewsome details even to interest the casual reader (he shot him behind the ear). Thoughtless, tender, guileless youth, how artless doth thy first offence appear in retrospect! How clearly I remember my feelings as we half pushed, half dragged the limp corpse into the welcome security of an alley and hid the evidence under a manure pile! You may smile, but it was all very real and serious to us then. Had we only appreciated our opportunity or been more prepared! Unfortunately, as I say, we had had little experience, our notion of such matters had been gleaned chiefly from books. Even so it occasioned a good deal of talk in the neighborhood, and, all things considered, was thought not so bad for boys.

A notable advance has been made in the manner of instructing the "young idea" to shoot, as the phrase is, since my time. Happily for the young, they are no longer left, as we were, to blunder along in the dark, solely dependent upon instinct and their own resources. Except for such authorities as "Nick Carter," and "Old Sleuth," and the James brothers (not, not, my unlearned reader, William and Henry, but Frank and Jesse!) we had, until lately, no sources of reliable information to refer to, and only such of these as we could steal away behind the barn, perhaps, and consult surreptitiously. But times, as they say, change.



When I consider the superior opportunities of the boys of today, the inestimable advantages of the movies over the old penny-dreadfuls, and—miracle of miracles!—their kind parents (far more liberal than ours) leading them daily and nightly by the hand to those inexhaustible storehouses of moral corruption, in the study of vice no less absorbed than they, then, I declare, I envy them their chances; nor do I marvel longer at the superiority of the present over the old days of crime. It only remains for us now to remove some errors of opinion which mankind has, by the disingenuity of writers, preachers, and moralists (so called) contracted, and destroy the shallow pretence that it is *all right* to witness wrong-doing, *all wrong* to practice it, and the emancipation of the present generation will be complete. Too long have we been misled by false prophets, too long condemned to discipline and self-restraint.

Thanks be to Heaven, there are, there will always be, some candid and generous souls who will not share our timid and obsolete philosophy of life! Their frank delight in adventure, their trust in Providence, their confidence in themselves, their unfailing optimism, their liberality of mind, their freedom from cant, their innocence of convention, their abiding joyousness—is it not enough, think you, to make us lean, sallow, constricted pall-bearers of life out of patience with our lot—a tombstone thing—

“Whose epitaph insults its hope  
Around our neck, a church-yard fable  
Unseasonably seasonable  
As want in winter!”



Of their own warrants sure, nothing, neither laws nor executioners, can daunt them. Condemned, proscribed, persecuted like the Jews, hounded upon the face of the earth, consigned to the under-world, still have they multiplied and prospered till, by mere force of numbers (now their vote begins to count) they have won a meed of consideration from the authorities. 'Tis something, but not enough. A few more doors "jimmied," a few more locks broken, and the job will be complete. Society is filling with crooks, the country is on the run, and nothing should persuade them to lay down their arms but unconditional surrender!

Sad to relate, these amiable performers, sacrificing their talent and their lives, like "harlotry players," to the task of entertaining the multitude, though their efforts are universally enjoyed, as actors they are generally despised. Who will dare to explain such ingratitude? Is the secret consciousness of doing good, think you, and the overwhelming admiration bestowed upon one's work, sufficient to compensate these tireless artists for hardships endured, and the many bitter perils incident to their profession? In Chicago, for instance, the Chief of Police has lately taken the rather large responsibility of forbidding any criminal act whatsoever, whether amateur or professional, a most high-handed and arbitrary order, the mere observance of which would automatically nullify his office, and render at the same time the services of his force useless and void. By such mean shifts do men in positions of trust seek to evade their duty! Another sweeping condemnation may be cited for its origi-



nality, the more noteworthy as it emanates from a clergyman (of Fordham, N. Y.), who sees in the growing tendency to lawlessness "a dangerous menace to the future." In the Middle West (I believe it was) they recently apprehended a criminal.

So it goes! Meanwhile, the assaults and murders increase steadily in number and splendor. Let us admit the fact and let us make the best of it.

Instead of attempting to abolish an institution redolent of the past, flourishing at present, would it not be better to acknowledge at once that crime has come to stay; then look to its improvement? If err we must, assuredly it were well that we should know how to do it correctly and forcibly. Take it out of the hands of those, the ignorant and inexperienced, whose foolish bungling tends as much as anything else to bring it into disrepute. Give it, if you please, into the safe keeping of licensed proficient—with the plain understanding, however, that they shall reform the methods of the profession, elevate its ideals, and establish standards of refinement and cruelty worthy of a nation's confidence. It is not enough merely to place vice on a paying basis. What readers want, what novices should particularly strive for, is freshness of invention, ingenuity of plot, felicity of execution, that shall sound new and never-before-suspected depths of human baseness to confound the heart and prolong its agony. To the right parties there is a world of undeveloped possibilities in the project. As a matter of fact, I am seriously thinking of trying what is in it myself. From the way things look at present I don't expect to have much to do this winter anyway.





## THE DERELICT

By WILLIAM H. CROCKER

With Illustrations by GORDON H. GRANT

VICTORIA ROAD, Liverpool, on a certain morning of Easter week, 1875, was not an inviting thoroughfare to a homesick boy. A "Scotch mist" which shrouded everything in gloomy grays, a northeast wind that chilled the blood, did not make for cheerfulness. On one hand the grimy walls of Liverpool's docks, then known as the finest in the world; on the other, row after row of low buildings more than half of which were "pubs" or bar-rooms. There the always thirsty sailor who thronged the neighborhood might slake his thirst in "Walker's Entire," a much advertised brew produced by the then Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Glass barrels, illuminated at night, were suspended from almost every doorway, proclaiming to all the merits of "Walker's famous brew." The cheerfulness of these cozy taprooms, low-ceilinged, with time-stained paneling, all presided over by a bustling bar-maid, held no allurements for me.

It was more than a year since I had left home, and I had voyaged from New York to San Francisco, around Cape Horn and back again around the Cape to Liverpool. The main skysail clipper ship, *Great Admiral*, which had been my floating home, was now snugly berthed in the Princess Dock Basin. The *Great Admiral* was "the last thing" in clipper ship development; with lines like a yacht, tall masts and spars of great spread, she showed a field of canvas to delight a sailor's eye. When in a strong and steady

breeze she set all her sails, upper and lower studding sails, and all the "kites" that clipper skippers liked to spread, there might be a more beautiful sight, but I have never seen it. So finely balanced was this ship that a helmsman who knew his work might steer her "with a spoke each way," while the hum of the wind through the tautened rigging sung like an æolian harp. I had joined the *Great Admiral* in New York as a deck boy and risen through the various grades of ordinary, able seaman, and Bo'swain, to the rank of third mate.

It was on this gloomy morning in March I learned the *Great Admiral* was to go to Cardiff, Wales, for a cargo of gas coals and thence to Manila. I had no desire to make a long hot voyage in a wooden ship with so hazardous a cargo, so determined to look for a berth on some ship bound to the United States, and home. That berth I found on the "Black Ball" packet ship, *Isaac Webb*, Samuel Urquhart, master.

"Black Ball" packets, during the 60's, were called "floating slaughterhouses," and had not in 1875 outlived their reputation as the toughest ships that sailed the western ocean.

Many a sailor's yarn had I at one time and another heard spun during a second dog watch, that told of hardships and brutalities. Some were called "starvation ships," and those were commanded by parsimonious captains whose ideas of economy were to limit the men's grub. Mutiny and murder were among the indictments lodged by men who had served aboard these packets. So much did I want to get back home, that while I secretly shuddered at the tales I recalled, I decided to take the chance, so signed my name to the ship's articles, took my "advance" and put my "duffle" aboard and "turned to."

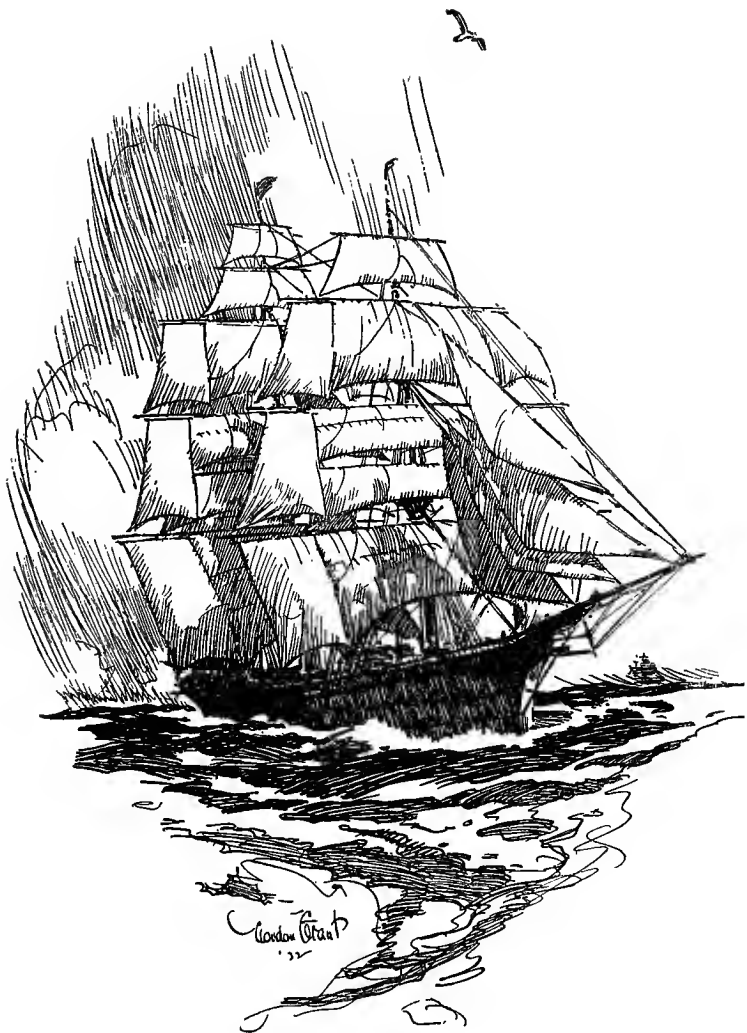
When I looked about me and contrasted that "old Hooker" with the trim clipper I had just left, I felt many misgivings.

Broad of beam, bluff of bow, with squat masts, patched



Choate Bridge, from a painting by Tom P. Barnett





*The Great Admiral*



running gear and sails, the dreariness of the day and the slovenly and unseamanlike appearance of the ship brought its reactions. But her flying jib boom was pointed toward New York and I determined to take things as I found them.

Out at sea, a "departure" taken, and the pilot dropped, rotten rigging, old and worn out spars, equipment that long before should have been condemned, filled even the ordinary routine with serious elements of danger.

The one bright spot, to me, in all that weary voyage was the presence aboard of the "old man's" wife and her charming sister. Old "shellbacks" of our crew shook their heads and made gloomy forebodings as to what might be expected to happen to us. Many precedents were cited, and thrilling tales of disaster that accompanied the presence of women aboard a "deep water ship."

Sailors are plain of speech and often foul of mouth. Officers are wont to accompany commands with grotesque oaths. Everyone, from the "old man" down, must now be on his good behavior. Much grumbling resulted, and if one would listen at the lee door of the fo'c'stle, his ears would be assailed by a string of oaths as if each man was finding relief from a period of enforced good behavior in an orgy of profanity.

The *Isaac Webb* had a wheel house—a feature I have never before nor since seen on a sailing trip. As a rule, the helmsman on a sailing ship stands at the wheel in hot weather and cold, fair weather and foul, and takes it as it comes. From this wheel house a steep companion ladder led to the cabin. In the roof there was set a glass plate about eighteen inches square, through which the man at the wheel might watch the leech of the sail when steering "full and bye." In the forward end a row of windows framed a view of the deck and here the captain spent many hours, leaning upon the window sill, watching the men at work and shouting his instructions to the officer of the watch. Here while at the wheel, I often saw the captain's sister-in-law,

and she, too, passed many an hour in the protection of this wheel house.

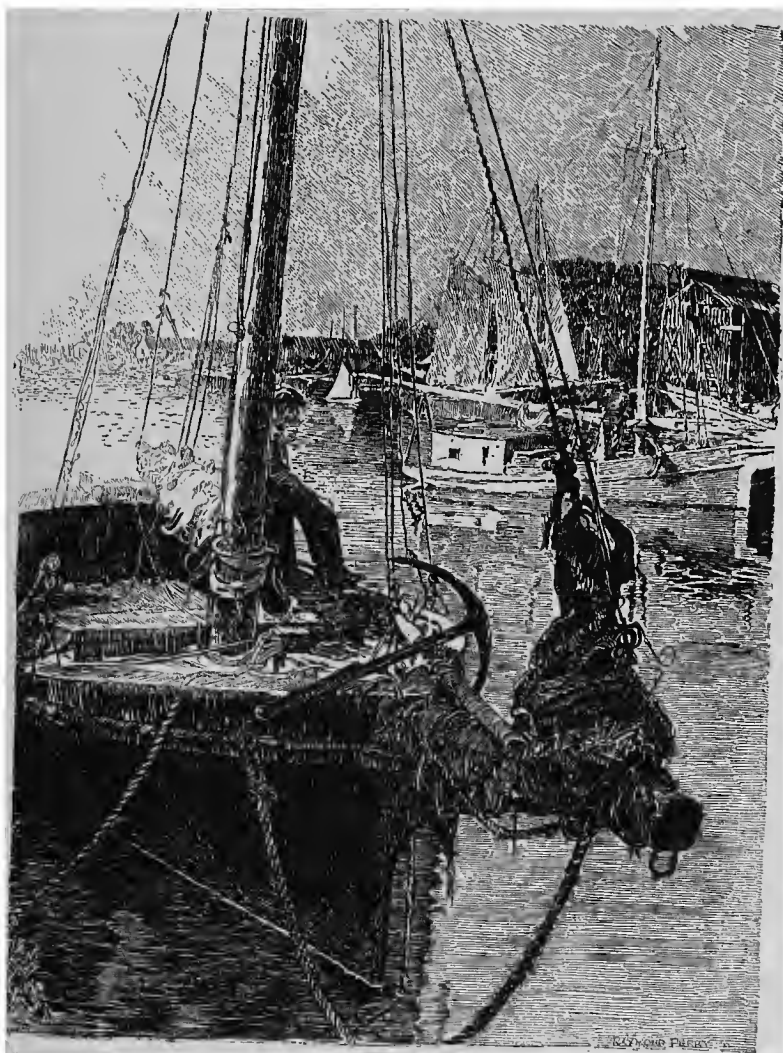
Nearing the Banks, we were experiencing "bank weather." The icy winds proclaimed the nearness of icebergs and gave a sharp tang to the air. The night was cloudy with an occasional rain squall. When I came to the wheel eight bells (midnight) there was nothing in the weather or life aboard ship out of the ordinary. I relieved the man at the wheel, took the course, "full and bye nothing to windward" and peered through the glass skylight for a glimpse of the sail, or listened for the flapping sound that told me I was "too high."

The only light in the pilot house was that in the binnacle. Out on deck there was the usual groaning and creaking of an old ship wallowing in a choppy sea, a flapping of sails and the sharp slap of spray against the bows.

Occasionally the loom of a form as someone hurriedly slipped by the window openings of the pilot house. I was drowsy, having had but a short sleep during the "first watch below" and my thoughts were all directed toward that day when I would again be home. A lonesome post, back in the aftermost part of the ship, shut in and away from everyone and completely alone except when at long intervals the officer on watch would pass across the grating in front of the wheel for a glimpse at the binnacle.

I had struck four bells—two o'clock in the morning—on the pilot house bell and heard it repeated on the ship's bell in the "waist." I was listening for the footsteps of the man due to relieve me. The detail hove the log and the dripping reel had been placed in its rack in the pilot house. Suddenly a voice, loud and shrill, sang out from the forecastle head: "Hard up, for the love of God, hard up." Springing to the lee side I spun that wheel and never ceased until the helm was jammed hard up to windward. Then grasping a spoke with one hand and with a leg astride another, I set my whole weight to resist the strain and hold the helm where it





Canal at Patchogue, from a drawing by Raymond Perry



was. Hurrying feet, the quick cry of orders and the thud of coils of rope as cast from pin to deck told of an impending collision. Dashing in at the weather door, the mate on watch stopped only an instant to assure himself that the wheel was "hard up" and then out to batter at the captain's window a signal for his quick presence on deck. Shut in in this darkened pilot house, clinging to the wheel, which at times seemed as if it would drag my arms from their sockets, I could form no exact idea as to what was impending. To me the loudest sound was the thumping of my own heart.

Up the companionway and into the pilot house and out the lee door went the "old man" just as he had tumbled out of his bunk. "What's wrong?" he asked in passing. I could only shrug my shoulders and grit my teeth. Out into the darkness of the night he went, leaving me alone to fight that wheel and summon all my courage to stick to it. Over across the Atlantic went my thoughts. Perhaps I was never again to reach home. Every moment I expected to hear the crash of some "liner's" sharp bow and I wondered what the end might be.

More than two weeks of that six weeks' voyage had passed. In all the details of working ship the *Isaac Webb* had shown she was a lazy ship in "stays" and never a lively one even in the freshest wind. Now as I watched the binnacle, it seemed as if that ship never would fall off. Sluggishly the needle rolled across the lubber's point. She just wallowed back and forth and it was only at what seemed long intervals that she seemed to fall off to leeward. Outside there was silence as if every man aboard was waiting, braced for the impact of a blow.

Then, up through the companionway came a form all clothed in white, the captain's sister-in-law. Hurling question after question at me, she swayed toward me and as she started to fall, I reached and caught her about the waist. And there I was, a badly frightened boy, clinging with one hand to a fighting wheel and to an unconscious woman

with the other. Another white figure dashed by me and I knew the captain's wife was out on deck. Then the "old man" bawled through the window to know if we were falling off, to be told that she was only off a point. There was a period of dead silence that seemed an age to me and then a cheer and shout and voices calling out: "We clear, we clear." A command from the captain, "steady the wheel." I let the captain's sister-in-law slide to the floor and sprang clear. The wheel buzzed as the pressure of the water on the rudder drove it wildly until not a spoke might be seen. No longer could I resist the temptation now that the danger apparently was passed to learn what it was all about. I jumped to the weather door, and as I did I heard the booming sound and felt the impact of heavy bodies along the ship's side. I was in time to catch the loom of a derelict schooner which with a



"As I watched the binnacle, it seemed as if the ship  
never would fall off"

cargo of heavy timber had been drifting directly ahead of us when the keen eyes of the lookout had picked up her bulk as it silhouetted against the sky. The deck load had gone adrift and the timbers that floated on the water and with which we were now colliding were a serious menace to a ship as old as the *Isaac Webb*. Back to the wheel, and when the lee braces were again snugged down, back to my course of "full and bye." The captain's sister-in-law, jarred to consciousness by her fall to the deck, had left the wheel house and I was again alone.

Time had passed swiftly, and the dawn of a dull gray morning was at hand. The reaction had set in and the fright I had experienced resulted in a fit of trembling. I then realized that I was but partly clad. With the possibility that I might have to fight for my life in the water, I had stripped off most of my clothes and my shoes, and all these things were strewn across the pilot house floor. I managed to get back into them, and just in time, for up the ladder with a quart pot of hot coffee came the captain's wife. Never was there such a wonderful drink of coffee as that. And then came the captain, who growled at me a few words of commendation for sticking to my post.

Right then and there I vowed that that should be my last voyage and that I would never go to sea again. I had had at one time and another enough to last a lifetime and this experience decided me that I would quit. But after three weeks at home the lure of salt water again got me and I was off to China and Japan.

And that's another story.



## AN ARTIST'S WALK

By THOMAS SHREWSBURY PARKHURST  
With Illustrations by W. GRANVILLE SMITH

### *The Beginning of the Journey*

I made my journey leisurely. Naught troubled nor hastened me. The time was early morning, and the hired man was bestirring, laden with pail and stool, while meek-eyed cows stood peacefully about in the barnyard.

A Sabbath stillness brooded over mead and river, broken only by the faint departing echoes of the early train which had landed me at Grand Rapids, and as its rumble died in the distance I was alone, except for the wind as it sang a requiem in the sheaves of gathered corn. And the open road was before me.

One cannot have too much leisure with nature. She is coy, like a hermit thrush, and those who hasten may not know her, and as is my wont I sped leisurely. Had I not a full day for my journey? Was I not fortified with the solace of a trumper, a true and tried companionable pipe, a sketch-book, and a bulging pocket of loaves and fishes?

There is a joy in the open road. It stretches out before you, and in its sinuous and disappearing length invites your steps, it fascinates your imagination as to its unfolding,

and as you top the hill to gaze on the valley below, this same pleasure continues.

I had twenty-two miles of this invitation before me to complete my journey. I was an aristocrat afoot; no envious thought of indolence and ease in passing automobiles corrupted me. In fact, I pitied their winged progress. What is an auto, anyway, but a chore boy of indolent people?

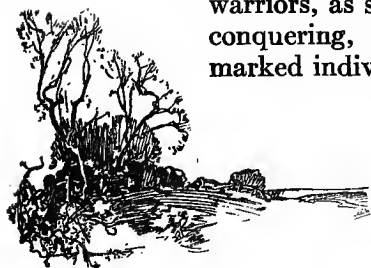
And so with measured step and slow I brushed the dew aside and soon left the village behind.

### *When Autumn Fades*

In the valley of the Maumee nature has poured all things that minister to the sense of the beautiful and omitted that which gives character to more rugged countries.

Vistas open to you as through a sunrise world and to wide meadow lands, the peaceful river unfolds its sinuous shore line, filling the eye with keen delight. Beauty abides at every step. Vines are drooping over wayward fences, wandering as a child with tangled tresses, sere and brown, scarlet and crimson, while dotting the sapless hedgerows are flaunting leaves of dried and yellow poplars rustling in the morning wind.

Leafless trees are to the ordinary thinking a synonym of desolation. They are nude, forsaken, and given to quivering to each passing breeze as a beggar dreading the sterner blasts of winter. But they are not mendicants, they do not ask alms. I see in them a sturdy independence worthy of the early colonists they are. They are to me like ancient warriors, as strong as Cæsar's soldiers, strenuous, conquering, magnificent. A tree has its most marked individuality when bereft of its leaves.



### *The Goings of the Winds*

And now the heavy woodland is passed, and opens up to the broken meadows lying fallow to the river's brim. Each bank is lined with bending willows which nod and tremble in the rising wind, their sweet pensiveness, their graceful droop, say plainly as speech may, "under me you will find a well." Willows never stand erect, their droop has a touching pathos. They seem to be brooding over a memory of sorrow, and yet we love them. Do they not show the first fruits of spring, as their ochre-colored limbs flash against the gray light of early April?



As my walk progresses and the glad October sun mounts higher, tinting in softened rays the distant woods and fields, and lover-like touching with a caress each dried and shriveled leaf and weed. In its wake comes the westerly wind adding a requiem to the dying slumber of the year, each humble stalk and stately tree bends in obeisance to its call. Now it lies gentle, and as sweet as memory, like a woman's tender caress, and a patter of leaves follow its endearments like tears, fetched from a happy past. Then comes a shrill falsetto, trumpeting and stormy charging, and a whirlwind of shriveled soldiers dots the sky.

### *The Patter of the Leaves*

I love the laughter and the weeping, the wailing and the leaf patter of the autumn wind, either in "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," or adown the ocean's shore, or where the long grasses grow along the river's brim.

I top the hill, and again draw along by the woods that fringe the road. The path is paved with leaves, multi-colored and odorous, where shade and sunlight meet, and



here I rest to smoke and dream awhile. To my left is the river, peaceful and content, flowing onward with its burden that never tires nor ceases and comes to memory the tribute of a greater mind.

"The world is here with its hills and rivers and plains, its season of smiles and frowns, and murmuring streams, its autumn with the laden boughs, when the withered banners of the corn are still, and gathered fields are growing strangely wan, while Death, poetic Death, with hands that color what they touch, weaves in the autumn woods her tapestries of brown and gold."

### *The Audible Signs of Autumn*

All about me were the audible signs of the great autumn movement, the woods were not silent but full of rustling, cricketing noises, as dropping nuts and dead twigs struck the hard ground. Spiders threw their silver webs across my path, the blackbird and the crow, in their rusty coats, flew south in the mellow light of the October day. The vesper sparrows fluttered in dead herbage. The goldenrod held to its dull yellow blossoms. Every indication denoted the closing season that would leave all nature to the grays and browns of winter. All put on their best and bravest to meet their long sleep.

A rabbit slouches through the thicket and eyes me shyly as he ducks into the briers. A redbird calls with a throat of flame. Apple trees on the sloping hillside stand with flashes of red fruit, and the sunlight dimmed by the coming mist half wakes, half sleeps.

### *God's Half Acre*

And so I walk again and the wind walks with me, and laughs sadly amid the falling leaves. I pass God's half acre with its silent stones of rustic epitaph. It rests on a lonely hill, with the silent river at its feet. Wild grapes are hanging

o'er a falling fence, and a sumac has built its bonfire lovingly  
around a fallen monument. How many hopes lie buried  
here, perhaps—

“Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrants of his field withstood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

Then out of the distance, a thread of ivory becomes a  
link of man's industry and need. A bridge of cement span-  
ning the river, its numerous arches of symmetrical beauty  
having in them a lilt of old Spain. You at once conjure  
up some scene of a far away land, where lust and conquest  
are now factors to be reckoned with.

And here is blessed peace.

### *A Wayside Inn*

Here I take mine ease at my wayside inn, and break  
bread with myself, and watch the cattle going with ample  
leisure down to the river's brink, and they eye me with a  
quizzical, “Are you lost?” It is now full noon and the  
bonnie clouds are floating like ships on an azure sea. How I  
love the clouds, and so I lie at full length on a bed of dry  
leaves and watch the chariots of the sky as they move in  
majesty. Even a dullard would love these clouds, they are  
so high, they move in such majesty, how rich in pattern, and  
divine in form, and what a despair to paint them. A cricket  
is foraging on my bread crumbs and his nimble antennæ  
have a suspicious hesitancy, while a blue jay is among the  
acorns on a friendly oak. Tonight he will sleep in its  
branches, but in the morning he will be gone, for in the  
night he will get a message and hale away at top speed for  
some perfumed and sunlit land. Can all our philosophy

arrange a solution to these migrations of birds? It has a strangeness and sadness which passes our ken.

*Plutocratic Friends*

I receive some good-natured chaffing as I pass through the Arcadian bailiwick of Waterville, which contains a resort well known to certain of my friends, who as plutocrats motor up for chicken dinners. It needed no further testimonial of patronage than the number of cars which were parked at the gate. But I consider walking gives a man independence of spirit not obtainable in any other way and so I walked on as a conqueror and with the steps of a nature lover. One's feet are assimilative organs and contact with the earth is dietary, ergo, I was being well fed.



"The afternoon was fast waning"

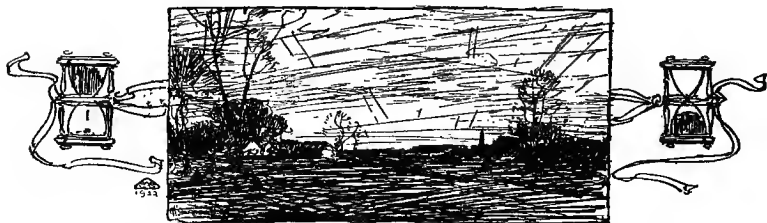
*"And Gathered Fields Are Growing Strangely Wan"*

The afternoon was fast waning as I rested on historic Turkey Foot Rock, and in the aftermath of the day the distant spires of Perryburg loomed softly in the glorious autumn air. A multitude of peace and plenty was before me. The river flowed onward and with scarce a tremor, save the rippling wash made by the jutting rocks. Corn shocks dotted the low meadow land, tents of a conquering army of peace, each with haversack of golden ears. In rusty fields big dusty haystacks are herded together, each jostling its fellow in huge good humor. A murmur of youthful voices along the hillside walnut trees. The dull thud of flying clubs and a merry note of joy as the fallen nuts are scrambled for.

*"The Gloaming Fades and Night Draws Near"*

The deep staccato of a gun, hawks fly high, frightened sparrows flutter into trees and hedge. Rabbits scurry from bare field to grassy cover, or sit erect and look with distended eye and quivering nostrils. The lowing of cattle as they homeward wind their way, the sweetest of all, faintly, yet sadly, comes the tolling of the distant chimes, vespers of peace, the end of a perfect day, a prelude to nightfall when

"A latent chill bespeaks the dying day,  
Who sheathes her tents and slips away.  
While twilight reigns in vagrancy!  
A star—a myriad of stars appear,  
The gloaming fades and night is here,  
Quiescent in her fragrancy."



"The end of a perfect day"



Viking, from the statue by Georg Lober





## IN HARBOR

*By* HENRY RUSSELL WRAY

*With Illustration from an Etching by the Author*

**P**ATCHED hulls of salters from Cadiz, green-coated, scarred and pitted with barnacles, rested against the old weatherbeaten wharves, as if for breath after their ocean journeys.

In their half-furled sails they caught light from the retreating sun, which settled in little pools and changed in color as the hulls rose and fell on the breast of the breathing sea.

Their naked topmasts on one side were dark and sharp in outline, on the other they were burnished like yellow gold. The wind hushed its breath and silently stole away on tiptoe over the water until the sun, gazing in its sea mirror, had

combed its wealth of soft hair, which flowed along the western sky in masses of ringlets.

The old hulls were quick to see the vanity of the sun, and as it sank slowly down in the west, they leaned farther over in their rockings and created tiny, trembling waves, which spread far over the waters and destroyed for a moment the beautiful reflection of the sun.

Then these old vessels threw into the sea their own outlines, with all the beauty of color made by years of use and decay, and they held themselves perfectly still until their forms were cast in duplicate mould in the body of the water. The white and rose-tinted sails were distinctly repeated as the trembling waters stilled and many hundred fingers dipped on one side with molten gold vibrated on the mirror's face.

For a few seconds the perfect picture remained, then it was rudely obliterated by a little black boat, propelled by a lone figure silhouetted as it shot out from the dark shadow of the wharf into the light.

Only the oars of the boat caught any of the brightness of the color; they dipped deep and captured on their blades great washings of red and gold, which had been stolen by the sea from the sun's toilet and secreted just below the surface of the water. Soon the little boat was lost again in shadow. Strange voices of Spaniards droned the change of watch on this fleet of salters.

Two figures stood on the edge of the old wharf. One saw all that harmonious beauty and, stole as much of it as his brain could retain for his future painting. The other figure, the one with bronzed face and shaggy white beard, only saw the patched and barnacled hulls, the torn sails and the opened seams pleading for calking. This was all he noticed, as he wondered if he would ever again see far-away Cadiz.



## ZOÖLOGICAL THOUGHTS OF AN ETYMOLOGICAL FELLOW

*By* CARROLL LEJA NICHOLS

When I first beheld a tapir,  
He was thirsty as could be.  
He had eaten wrapping papir,  
And he craved a drink of tea.

From the cup came so much vapir  
That it seemed to him too hot,  
And he cut up quite a capir,  
When we told him it was not.

There is a creature called the gnu,  
His horns, as usual, number gtu,  
This seems to be a very gfu,  
But for this beast appear to gdu.

Unlike a cat he cannot gmu,  
Nor does he sport the peacock's ghu,  
He does not smoke, nor drink, nor gchu.  
I'm certain he'd appeal to gyu.

A tasty fish to eat, the blue,  
On Friday or on Thursday tue;  
I'm told by one who said he knue,  
That seldom are they hard to chue.



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